



EDMUND · HAMILTON · SEARS · D.D.

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KATHARINE · SEARS

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In Memoriam

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

1810-1876

ELLEN BACON SEARS

1811-1897

KATHARINE SEARS

1843-1853

*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea,
saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors;
and their works do follow them."*

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THE work of Edmund Hamilton Sears received the kindly and appreciative judgment of his contemporaries during his lifetime and in notices called forth by his death. Therefore, the following pages do not undertake to give an account of his labors as preacher, author, and editor, or an estimate of the influence which from his quiet, retired home he exercised upon the religious thought and life of his time. Some private and personal memories of him, and of Ellen Bacon Sears more recently separated from us, are gathered here, and offered gratefully and affectionately to the friends who loved and were loved by them.

J. S. Canner \$10.00

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I.

SANDISFIELD.

1810-1839.



I.

SANDISFIELD.

1810-1839.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, a descendant of Richard Sears who landed at Plymouth in 1630, was born at Sandisfield, Mass., on April 6, 1810. The following account of his childhood was written by himself :—

“My father has been a man of uncommon industry and perseverance, and a very useful citizen, and was, in the active part of his life, the most efficient man in the transaction of town affairs. My memory reaches back distinctly to the time when I was five years old. My father was then in very moderate and even straitened circumstances, and my mother was compelled to be very industrious and frugal. I first went to school in an old loose gown, with the head-piece and the body all in one, which served for a cloak and a hat, so that people who met us wondered to what species I belonged, or, at least, to which of the three genders. However, my mother appreciated the advantages of education, and always kept us at school. At the school was the first trial of my almost morbid sensibility. If any one knows how to sympathize with poor Cowper on this score, it is I. I never in my life

was punished at school ; but the fear of punishment always haunted me, and weighed on my spirit like an incubus. Mrs. R. taught our school several summers, and was the only teacher I ever had who understood my temperament. Her kindness and religious instruction made a deep impression on my mind, and had a very decided effect on my character. Every Saturday afternoon was spent in learning and reciting the Assembly's Catechism, and its dry and crabbed theology is to this day associated with her motherly and benevolent tones. I there received my best early religious impressions. After she was married, a variety of teachers succeeded ; and I made good progress, and well remember the enthusiasm with which I pursued mathematical studies.

“Meanwhile my father became a landholder and a thrifty farmer. He was a man of strong judgment and very strong feeling. Though his early education was very scanty, he became a man of considerable information, and had some taste for books. He always had a natural love for poetry, and became a proprietor of the town library. This was one of the circumstances which went to determine my tastes and pursuits. My earliest recollections are associated with his reading, or rather *chanting*, of poetry ; for he never read without a sort of sing-song tone. He was a great admirer of Pope's Iliad, and would read it by the hour. Sometimes, when busily engaged, he would break out in a chant of several lines from that poem, till they became to me like nursery rhymes ; and I was afterward surprised to find them in Homer.

He was also a great admirer of Watts's lyrics, and often repeated some of them. Almost the first emotion of the sublime that was awakened within me came from hearing him read one of Watts's Psalms, — the nineteenth, — declaring it equal to Homer. The psalm is indeed in a high strain, and the translation was done in a style of magnificence worthy of the original, which ought to inspire any translator who had a single spark of genius. When my father brought home from the public library Pope's works, in two volumes, I was completely bewitched by the harmony of the numbers. I became so familiar with his Homer that I could repeat nearly whole books from beginning to end. I enlisted all my sympathies with the Trojans, and hated the Greeks with a cordial hatred. I do not know that I ever read or heard anything which excited high admiration, without asking myself whether I could beat it. It is not strange, then, that I soon began to produce lyrics and epics without number. I wrote whole books of rhymes ; and, when at work, some poem was always singing through my brain. I wrote a poem on the seasons, in four parts, — a long epic, — and took deadly vengeance upon the tithing-man for looking sour at us in church by lampooning him.

“This rhyming propensity, so early waked up within me by Pope, proved a benefit to me of a kind I was little aware of then. It did not, as I then thought it would, make me immortal ; but it gave me a command of the English language such as I could not have gained during those romantic years of boyhood by being drilled through all the Latin class-books in exist-

ence. In puzzling my head 'to find a word that would rhyme,' I was taking the best course to enlarge my vocabulary and to acquire a graceful and nervous style. My ear became quick to the harmonies of language, and I do not think I could have had a more profitable exercise in the best classical schools in New England. I was mastering the English tongue and making it flexible as a medium of thought, without any unpleasant associations of lessons and pedagogues.

"But poetry was not all, nor, indeed, the most profitable reading which was furnished me by the library. History, biography, and books of travel were read by me with increasing interest, and excited many high resolves and bright anticipations. But all along I had aspirations which my natural shyness would not suffer me to disclose. I actually fell to sermonizing when not more than twelve years old, and among others wrote a discourse in full from Luke xvi. 25, which I delivered to a full assembly of alder-bushes, but which no one else ever heard. I carefully hid all my manuscripts from the family; for I knew I should meet with ridicule, to which I was keenly alive. I had deposited a pile of half-written sermons in a dark nook over my bed-chamber, and had the mortification to wake up one night, and hear the rats drag them all off together. I copied Governor Brooks's message entire, and delivered it to the legislature of both houses assembled in imaginary conclave. I had pleadings and counter-pleadings before imaginary judges; and, in fine, there was nothing in the department of law, of theology, or of poetry over which my fancy did not wander for laurels.

“ But all this time I was kept steadily at work on my father’s farm. My father had become engrossed in public business ; my eldest brother became of age, and went South ; and my other brother, about a year and a half older than myself, was left with me almost exclusively to take charge of affairs at home. But my natural shyness and timidity as I grew older were a source of perpetual disadvantage. It was my great misfortune never to have a sister, for I was just the boy who needed all of a sister’s attention and tenderness. My mother was very domestic in her habits, scarcely ever went abroad, and rarely had company at home. I therefore grew up ignorant in a great degree of the forms of society, yet with all that morbid sensitiveness which made me suffer intolerably whenever I was guilty of their violation. I used to see the young people of the town enjoying sleigh-rides, balls, and parties to which I would be invited, but afraid to go. Nevertheless, there were always some who understood me ; and a kind-hearted fellow who sat next me at school, and was in a measure dependent upon me for getting his lessons, did all he could to bring me forward in society. He sometimes coaxed me into parties ; and there were many good-hearted girls who had, as I believe, a real regard for me, and overlooked all my awkwardness. Instead of giggling at my mistakes, they did all that good and ingenuous girls properly could do to bring me forward and make me appear well, and always had a kind, inviting word, a look of welcome or soothing pity, for ‘ Edmund Sears.’ But all would not do. I could not be persuaded to go into company except with those few

who understood me. Consequently, I was left in comparative obscurity. Of course there was not a particle of reason why it should be otherwise, for whoever gets ahead in this world must make his own way.

"I have not the least doubt that here was a turning-point in my history. From my shyness of company I confirmed all my habits of study and meditation. Moreover, I felt my breast fired with a lofty ambition to put to shame those who were outshining me in society. I thought I would rise far above them one day as a scholar or literary man, and absorb the attention of the whole town.

"From my sixteenth to my twenty-first year I was brought into intimate association with one whose character, I think, left a decided impression upon my own. Charlie W. and I were drawn together not, by any means, by similarity of character. This was an instance exemplifying that saying of the Transcendentalists: 'We must be very two before we can be very one.' On the whole, he was a slow scholar, though he had a genuine thirst for knowledge. He was not naturally shy of society, though, having been kept much at home, he was rather bashful when he first began to mingle with companions. Charlie was distinguished for a keen relish for fun, without a particle of petty roguery; a lively sense of the ludicrous, united with great conscientiousness; a faculty of the broadest railery and the keenest wit, yet with so much good nature and warm benevolence that the most sensitive spirit could never feel the least wounded by his sallies. Moreover, and this was of much consequence to me at

that particular time, there was a purity and whiteness of soul within him which shrank from everything that was vulgar or profane. If a syllable of the kind was ever dropped in his presence, though he were in the full flow of merriment, he would manifest no sympathy with it, and sometimes would plead with the simplicity of a child against its introduction. He was full of life and hope, took cheerful views of everything; and his genial spirit sent flashes of sunshine upon all around him.

“From my known habits of thought and study, my father formed the purpose of giving me a more extended education than I could have at the common school. He sent me to Westfield Academy; and here, doubtless, stands one of the milestones in life’s journey. With what anticipations and day-dreams did I look forward to the academical term! My imagination, as usual, went forward to gather laurels. I wrote essays and poems, that I might go well prepared, and come home blushing with honors. But, alas! change of place could not change my character. My everlasting bashfulness went with me, and still I was destined to live more in the ideal world than in the actual. As yet, I had not formed the purpose of a liberal education, so my studies were English. Algebra was my love. At length the dread time came round when it was my turn to declaim. In that great hall, and in the presence of visitors, I made my *début*. It was not a failure, though I came near dying through intensity of emotion. I passed nine months at the academy. On the whole, the experience

was of no immediate and signal advantage to me, except that I had seen a little—very little, indeed—of the world beyond my father's neighborhood. My life as yet was objectless. I had only vague dreams and aspirations after something grand and excellent. Oh, had I known what my course of life was to be, how might the golden opportunity of those nine months have told upon my future history! The classics, at which I ought to have been delving night and day, were scarcely touched. To be sure, during the last term I read Virgil and Cicero, but not with the purpose of college preparation. The Westfield Academy! Its scenes linger somewhat mournfully in my memory, as scenes of time and opportunity mis-spent for want of a settled plan of life. I go through the town sometimes, and pass that old building. Still rings its green with mirth, as its scholars come and go from its halls,—all strangers. They young and buoyant, full of bounding life, gay hope, and young ambition, as I once was; and we, who formerly went up there together, in our manhood and womanhood, and some in their graves. So goes the world. *To come, to be*,—those words are ever full of hope, and make the pulses beat. *What was*,—to this we look with half-averted faces and with a pang in the heart."

Through all his life the thoughts of Mr. Sears turned often to the home of his boyhood, and his reverent affection for his parents (both of whom became members of his church after he was ordained to the ministry) was expressed in the following lines

written by him in a book of hymns sent to his mother:—

With thanks for all thy goodness,
Thy love through all the past,
May God's sweet care and blessing
Go with thee to the last.
Thy life has been a life of care,
A blessing to us all;
And softly on thine aged brow
Its evening shadows fall.
And, when a happier world receives
Thy spirit meek and mild,
Still, mother, send that blessing down
Upon thine erring child.

In 1831 Mr. Sears entered the Sophomore Class at Union College, Schenectady, then under the presidency of Dr. Nott. With what little help his father and one of his brothers could give him, by hard work and rigid economy, through privation and hardship unflinchingly borne, he completed the college course. After studying law for some months, he found an opportunity to teach in the academy at Brattleboro, Vt., and at the same time to study divinity with the Rev. Addison Brown of that place. After a year of preparation there, he entered the class in its second year at the Cambridge Divinity School. Again, as at Union College, by toil and self-denial he completed the course, and was graduated in 1837. He preached about a year in the West,—mostly at Toledo, Ohio,—then returned to Massachusetts. He accepted a call from the Unitarian society in Wayland, and there he was ordained to the ministry on Feb. 20, 1839.

II.

BARNSTABLE.

1811-1839.



II.

BARNSTABLE.

1811-1839.

ELLEN BACON was born at Barnstable, Mass., on the 11th of April, 1811. Her father and grandfather were of the sturdiest New England stock, and held positions of honor and trust in the community. Mrs. Sears had no recollection of her father, as he died when she was but eight months old; but she was always proud of the good name he left behind him. In her last illness she told, with deep satisfaction, how an old family friend took her in his arms when she was a child, and told her that she must always try to be as good as her father had been. Her mother was a woman of strong character, possessing great family and personal pride, decided opinions, and a hearty contempt for everything dishonorable, low, and base.

In those early years of the century life was simple, pleasures were few, and family discipline was strict and rigorous. Yet, according to her own account, Mrs. Sears had a very happy girlhood. Being the youngest of fifteen children (Mr. Bacon was three times married), she was the object of much affection, to which her warm and generous heart made a quick

response. To love and to be loved was always the life of her being. And, if her pleasures were few and simple, they were very real. She was allowed to read only one or two books, one of them being that old-fashioned story, very moral, but also very dull, "Dunallen"; but these she pored over again and again till she almost knew them by heart. Once, indeed, a land of beauty and enchantment was for a brief season opened to her view; for she borrowed the "Arabian Nights" from a neighboring family. But her mother viewed the book with horror, believing it would teach the child's fancy to run riot, and bade her return the volume without delay. In those days children were trained to give their parents the most absolute and unquestioning obedience. But, though the house from which she had obtained the book was only a few rods distant, she spent nearly half an hour on the way, turning over those fascinating pages as she slowly put one foot before the other.

Thus she grew up innocent, happy-hearted, obedient, and unselfish. Habits of industry and self-denial were preparing her for a useful and noble life. Duty was indeed held sacred in the family household. Nearly all her brothers and sisters possessed great energy, deep seriousness of character, and temperaments so active as to prevent them from reaching a ripe old age. Singularly enough, Mrs. Sears, who was one of the most restlessly and untiringly active of them all, was the only one of them to attain to fourscore years.

The years went by. Youth passed, and womanhood

came. For some time the quiet round of home and village life was unbroken, and the pure heart was unvisited by profound and sacred emotion. But one summer day in 1837 there came to Barnstable a young divinity student, Edmund Hamilton Sears, whose lofty character and eloquent discourses made a deep impression upon her. As he was entertained at her mother's house, where visiting ministers were usually received, he became well acquainted with her; and, though his stay in Barnstable was brief, the vision of her womanly purity and sweetness did not fade from his mind. How a chance meeting revealed them to each other, his own language will best show in his account of their silver-wedding anniversary, in another chapter.

III.

WAYLAND AND LANCASTER.

1839-1847.



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, LANCASTER.

BUILT 1816.

III.

WAYLAND AND LANCASTER.

1839-1847.

MR. AND MRS. SEARS were married on the 7th of November, 1839, and immediately took up their residence in Wayland, where Mr. Sears was settled as minister of the Unitarian church. And thus there began a new life for Mrs. Sears, to which she was admirably adapted by her unselfish instincts and her early obedience to duty, and to which she gave herself with the fullest consecration. Thoroughly practical, passionately loving to be useful, and most happy when most busy, she yet possessed a deeply religious nature and excellent powers of discernment. Hence her nature admirably complemented that of her husband. His lofty ideals, his spirituality of mind, and his deep visions of truth she met with the fullest sympathy and appreciation ; for, though living herself on the practical plane of life rather than the intellectual or the spiritual, she well understood how the highest truth is needed to keep the daily round of toil from growing wearisome and common. Hence she was never impatient because her husband was frequently and fully absorbed in study and meditation. She knew that he needed seclusion, and that only by having daily hours

of quiet could he accomplish the work which he was fitted to do. For his nature was unusually fine and sensitive. It troubled him greatly to have the flow of his thought disturbed. Mrs. Sears, therefore, determined that he should be screened from all needless interruptions, and protected as far as possible from the pressing demands of practical things. Not all at once indeed did she learn how best to minister to his needs and to help him in his life-work. To her thoroughly practical mind, his complete absorption at times in his own train of thought, and his utter unconsciousness of the world around him, must have seemed a little strange. She often told laughingly how in their early married life they were becalmed while sailing from Boston to Barnstable, and how she herself was thoroughly impatient with the delay, every hour of which was stolen from her visit to her old home; but Mr. Sears seemed delighted with the situation, and began to compose a poem. But her womanly intuitions were quick; and prompted, as they now were, by her deep and tender devotion, they soon taught her to adapt herself wonderfully to her new life. Nor was her understanding of her opportunity a vague or unconscious one. She herself said, more than once, that it was very clear and definite. She saw, as time passed, how Mr. Sears's delicate constitution was unable to meet the wear and tear of practical details, when they were added to the drastic demands of intellectual concentration. So she resolved to take the details upon herself; and this resolve, once taken, she carried out with quiet and unfaltering heroism to the end of her life.

And yet to do this was hardly a sacrifice on her part ; for, in fulfilling the task, she felt that the richest and ripest fruits of her husband's labors were to some extent the product of her own protecting care. In a very humble way she felt this. Her admiration for her husband was profound : her pride in his work was boundless. That her own self-sacrifice was as high a thing as his intellectual achievement she certainly never dreamed. But she knew how much she did for him, and the knowledge gave her a womanly feeling of happiness and rejoicing. As she read his books, and as she listened Sunday after Sunday to his deeply spiritual sermons, she had sometimes a grateful sense that this beautiful message to humanity was the outflow of both their lives. Yes, her mission was a very humble one, but a very proud one, too. It was simply to stand by the side of the man who was bringing help and comfort to hungry souls, to cheer him in discouragement, to soothe him in his hours of weariness, and to make his home beautiful and sweet. And thus his work would be her work, too. Her share in it the world would never recognize, but to her woman's heart it was enough. Indeed, was not her satisfaction in what he accomplished more constant and profound than his own ? He sometimes doubted the worth of what he was doing. She never did. She believed with all her heart that the world was waiting for his words, and needed them every one.

So from the very beginning of her married life she entered into a deep and abiding happiness. Not at once, indeed, did the completeness of home life come.

She did not, in Wayland, have immediately a home she could call her own; but her first stay there was brief. In 1840 Mr. Sears accepted a call to Lancaster, and in that beautiful New England village they spent six delightful years. There, indeed, Nature has bestowed her gifts with a generous hand. There the clear waters of the Nashua flow full and strong, there giant elms shade the highways, and there a high hill rises, and offers surpassingly beautiful sunset views. In this charming scenery Mr. and Mrs. Sears took deep delight. To Mr. Sears's poetical mind it made a strong appeal, and to climb George Hill at evening time was a source of inspiration. But it was the people of Lancaster, rather than the scenery, that made their sojourn there a happy one. Never did pastor and wife find more devoted and appreciative friends. Lancaster contained a number of families who possessed in a peculiar degree the culture, the refinement, and the intellectual tastes of the best New England life. So from the very first Mr. Sears's ministry there awakened the love and admiration of his people, and in all the affection that was given him Mrs. Sears had her own full share. For so perfectly did she identify herself with her husband's life and work that the two seemed to be thoroughly one in spirit, and together to accomplish their beneficent labors. And here, too, their home life became more full and blessed. Their eldest child, Katharine, was born in 1843,—a beautiful and winning child, who for ten years brought sunshine and gladness into their lives. And so for a time the happiness of Mrs. Sears was full and complete, and no cloud came to darken the

sky. A happy wife and mother, a beloved friend, and a trusted helper in the sacred duties of her husband's calling, she was finding her lines cast in pleasant places. Yet, even under these conditions, her deepest delight was, as it always was all through her life, not in the mere serenity and fulness of her existence, but in constantly doing for others, and in little daily, unseen acts of self-sacrifice and devotion.

So the sweet and gentle soul was prepared for adversity, and before long adversity came. Mr. Sears never had a robust constitution. Intellectual effort soon exhausted him, and the social and pastoral demands of a large parish put a severe strain upon his physical powers. After six years of unremitting labor he found that he had spent his strength. For a short time he continued to live in Lancaster, hoping that entire rest would restore him to health. But entire rest was found impossible, where so many sympathizing and anxious friends could not refrain from showing their interest and affection. Absolute quiet and seclusion were prescribed by his physician; and, to find these, he returned to Wayland in 1847.

IV.

WAYLAND.

1847-1852.



FIRST (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, WAYLAND.

BUILT 1815.

IV.

WAYLAND.

1847-1852.

ON removing from Lancaster, Mr. Sears purchased a small farm, distant a mile from the village of Wayland; and there he continued to live for nineteen years. Slowly, very slowly, his strength returned. For a time complete recovery seemed impossible. He became weary with the slightest exertion, and he could not use his mind at all. That he would ever resume his ministerial work long seemed quite improbable.

And at no time during her life did Mrs. Sears's devotion appear more beautiful and more steadfast. These were indeed trying hours for her. Her husband's resources were of the slenderest. The future looked very dark, and a life of privation and hard labor for a time at least became necessary. But never for a moment did she shrink from the burden, or even consider it great. Every task that fell to her she performed with unflinching energy and determination. With no servant, with the care of an invalid and a young child, with all the work in and about the house to be done by her unaided hands, occupying her from early morning often till past midnight, with friends

coming in for a day or perhaps for several days, never dreaming of the added burdens they were laying upon her, it may seem incredible that one frail woman could have borne these conditions for months and years. Yet neither then nor afterward, in speaking of this period, did she show any feeling other than thankfulness that the work of restoring her husband to health had been given her to do. The most difficult task of all was to keep him from discouragement. He suffered from extreme nervous prostration. He could not wholly control his own states of mind; and, naturally, he was sometimes despondent, and inclined to abandon all hope of recovery. But it was then that his wife's indomitable will and energy shone most brightly, and carried his burden as well as her own. Never allowing him to see that her own strength was sorely taxed, she was unfailingly cheerful; and in his darkest and most despairing moments she made him believe that brighter and better days were surely coming.

And they did come after months of waiting. In 1848 Mr. Sears had so far regained his normal power and energy that he was able to become once more the minister of the Wayland society. A smaller society than that which he had served at Lancaster, it was composed of people equally refined and intelligent, and equally appreciative of his own unusual powers. With these people Mr. and Mrs. Sears lived on most happily for many years, loving and beloved. This was indeed Mr. Sears's longest pastorate, and through it he was sustained by his wife's unceasing devotion;

for, having seen how he had given way at Lancaster, she was more than ever determined to shield him from unnecessary cares, and to share with him every possible labor. So she constantly studied his wants and needs, and stood ready to supply them. The details of the parish work and life were better known to her than to him. When he wanted time for rest, for study, for writing, he was protected from all disturbing influences. When he needed a reader, an amanuensis, or copyist, she was always at hand. When any parish duty summoned him, she was never unprepared to accompany him without delay. And through the recurring seasons of his weakness, illness, or depression, her watchful care and tender ministrations never failed him by night or day. More than any other, Mr. Sears himself realized and acknowledged that his work was accomplished through "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

But, while she followed this supreme purpose, her activity in other works was not limited. Her children received in fullest measure all that a mother's love could give them. No story of distress ever failed to gain from her a patient hearing. Wherever around her sorrow or suffering needed her gentle presence and ministering hands, she was expected, and not in vain. How she found time and strength for all she did, none could tell. Certainly, it was not by any systematic plan of her work or time. No such plan ever occurred to her. In her impulsive way she set herself to the discharge of the nearest duty that lay before her, and, when one task was done, turned swiftly to the next.

It was her good fortune always to have the kindest and best of friends for neighbors, and on their sympathy and their active helpfulness she often relied. Without their services her burden of care and responsibility would sometimes have been almost insupportably great.

The following letters, both written by Mr. Sears, although to the first he appended Mrs. Sears's name, show that he was not blind either to his own domestic delinquencies or to the watchful care and devotion of his wife : —

WAYLAND, Feb. 17, 1852.

Our very dear Mrs. T.,— Your letter was very thankfully received ; and I have applied myself every day to answer it, but find myself involved in such a multitude of duties that the convenient opportunity has not occurred, nor yet is likely to occur. So I have employed an amanuensis to answer it for me, who promises to write as I dictate to him. But you will readily understand that, since I have to dictate out of the midst of washing, baking, and other nameless details of house-keeping, my letter will not have that coherence and those proprieties of style which it would have if I were able to take my pen in my own hand. However, I am sure your kindness will excuse all this. What a multitude of cares beset us poor housewives from morning to night ! If you could only look in upon me but for a single hour, you would not wonder that I have to employ a secretary to answer my letters. Baking, washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, dusting, sewing, and a hubbub of duties, which I could not enumerate

without getting clean out of breath. In the midst of all perhaps some one drives up, and I hear knock! knock! at the door; and the three minutes between the getting out and the knocking are all the time I get to put things to rights. And, while the knocking is going on without, you would be amused to witness the buzz of preparation within,—putting away slippers, marshalling chairs, combing and brushing down the children, while the callers are waiting for order to rise out of domestic chaos. I can scarcely get time to educate my children or let my example shine out upon them through so many convolving clouds of domestic care. My husband, good soul, has a great deal to say about moral culture, family government; and I feel that, as a minister's wife, it is incumbent on me to see that his preaching is well exemplified at home. So I thought I would try to make the moral nature of my children a perfect garden, in which should flourish all kinds of moral geraniums, flower-de-luce, and forget-me-nots; but, while I am busy at my bakings and ironings, behold! up comes a whole lot of darnel, burdock, and cockleweed. And the best thing that I can do is, when I am expecting company, to fall foul of the cockle-weeds, and jerk out here and there some of the tallest and rankest, like as not rooting up a geranium along with them. But, what is very discouraging, they all spring up again by the next morning. However, when the company get here, I contrive to manage things tolerably well; for, if, after all the rules of behavior I lay down to the children, some jets and streams of original sin should break through, as they are pretty sure to do, I can apolo-

gize for it, and say, "The children are not at all well," or "They have very bad colds to-day," and "I never knew them carry on so before." You may naturally ask why I do not call upon my husband to manage and water these cottage flowers, and thus exemplify his own doctrines and theories. I have only to say that this calling upon husbands is one thing in theory, and very often quite another thing in practice. I do believe that my husband is a man of the very best intentions, and I set a sight by him; but then the trouble is how to get at him. He is always sailing among clouds; floating on "swim-bladders," as Carlyle says, through seas of ether; chasing the ghosts of defunct ideas through infinite space; wandering and wool-gathering in the midst of dreamland,—so that he sits in his chair in all sorts of domestic breezes, knowing no more what is going on around him than if he had been cast into a mesmeric sleep. I have to deal with sharp realities, while there he sits building up theories and creating a world out of nothing. Sometimes I do speak to him pretty decidedly, and say, "Mr. Sears! come down out of those air-castles, and take care of these children." But like as not I get no answer; or, if I do get one, it is only a dim sound about "study" and "disturbance," that seems to come up out of him ventriloquizing fashion, and sounds like subterranean murmurs. The other day, having a fortnight's wash on hand, I sent him off after my washerwoman. He went off with great alacrity, but I suppose on the way got roaming in that other world of his. At any rate, when he came back, lo and behold! he had not got my washerwoman, but another

woman altogether, my washerwoman being a smart young woman of thirty, and the one he had picked up being an aged person on the verge of threescore and ten, who had imposed herself upon him as my help. She came tottering up to the door, bending under the weight of so many years that I verily thought the additional weight of my washing would break her down altogether. Her head was truly "silvered o'er with age"; and I wish I could add the other line of the couplet, that "long experience had made her sage." But truth is, she had forgotten most that she ever knew, and what she did know in the washing line she had little strength to put in practice; for it seemed almost necessary for her to wash with one hand while she leaned on her staff with the other. 1181018

So the washing dragged its slow length along toward the middle of the afternoon, and even then didn't seem much nearer to its consummation. So I packed off this aged pilgrim, and had to finish the work myself. So that, after the whole proceeding was over, you may be assured that I was pretty tired, and had no strength left either to pull up the cockle-weed or to water the domestic flowers. The truth is, my dear Mrs. T., these men cannot understand the work that we women have to do; and I do not believe it's of any use trying to make them. Well, I have gone on rather longer than I intended. But I did not think, while I was dictating, how much of the paper it would take up. However, I have given you a pretty full picture of domestic life and manners, and perhaps as effectual an answer to your kind inquiry, "I wonder if you ever

get discouraged?" as any answer that I could give. Nevertheless, I do not by any means get discouraged; for I rest in the soothing faith that, if, all present duties are well discharged according to the strength that we have, everything will finally issue well. I even believe that the geraniums and forget-me-nots, to say nothing of more useful products, will finally, by careful nurture, get decidedly the start of the cockle-weed and the thistles, and our moral garden exhibit a fair and beautiful prospect. And as for these other matters of housekeeping, which may be called the minor trials of life, I look upon them as having a most important place in our Christian discipline. Great trials we can bear, because they come seldom, and rouse all our energies to meet them. When we have arrived at that point where these other trials are met with a right spirit, and are made even to reflect the light of a sunny temper and a heavenly mind, our probation is doing its appropriate work. Pray give my love to Mr. T. and to E., and God bless you and keep you all. My husband sends much love. With much affection,

Your friend,

ELLEN SEARS.

WAYLAND, Feb. 17, 1852.

My dear Mrs. T.,—After all that Ellen has written, there does not seem much left for me to say. Still, as she has intrusted to me the sealing and superscribing of her letter, I will just crowd in a word of my own. I do not know but that she has given you a pretty correct account of our affairs. It ill becomes me at any rate

to call in question anything that she says, she is generally so abundantly correct. I might suggest, however, that in two or three particulars she has given a little coloring from an over-brilliant imagination. I do not think she does herself justice by any means, when she unwarily represents herself as putting on appearances before visitors, though undoubtedly, as behooves one to do, she puts on the most agreeable side to her friends. Nor am I aware of such a domestic chaos as she describes, any more than there always must be with two noisy children, and no help. As to myself, it is undoubtedly true that I dwell considerably more in cloudland than may be quite agreeable; but I must put in my apology in the matter of that venerable washerwoman. The *real* washerwoman was sick; and I hunted up the very best I could find, and that, too, when I was wide-awake to outward realities. True, it turned out very much as Ellen says; for she had to do much of the work herself, and nearly got sick. And I was very sorry for it, though I could not see how I could help it. This much I thought I ought to say to take off a little the sharp edge of her statements, though I am by no means disposed to deny their substantial correctness.

We are very sorry to learn that Mr. T.'s health is no better. I really think that change of occupation will be of essential benefit to him. Certainly, it will, if he loves his trees and fields and gardens as I do mine. I do wish, however, that he could have not only change of occupation, but change of air also; for I do not believe the air of that Nashua valley is very

bracing or healthful. Certainly, it was not for me. True, it would be a severe trial to him to tear away from Lancaster, as I know by very sad experience. If he ever thinks of it, tell him that the air of these regions is *the very healthiest in all the world*. I am sorry you have been so occupied that you have not been able to come and see us; but you will come when you can, I know, for you know very well how glad you would make our hearts by a visit from you and your husband. I hope he will not suffer protracted ill-health to throw discouragement over his mind. It is a faith which I cherish, and realize more every day that I live, that out of these seeming trials come ultimately our greatest blessings, and that this is always sure to be so when we give ourselves up with a child's trust to that divine guidance that shapes our ends, and shapes them much better than we could do ourselves. But Ellen says I must leave some space for her. I thought one whole sheet were ample space for her, but she has something farther which she would say.

Truly with much love for you and yours,

EDMUND H. SEARS.

A student and a dreamer, as Mr. Sears portrayed himself, he remained. The material things he saw around him were not more real to his vision than the things of the spiritual world to his faith. Yet his character had a very practical element in it, an inheritance from generations of hard-working New England ances-

tors. His judgment upon business affairs was generally sound, his insight into character intelligent. No man of business training and habit was ever more punctual and certain in keeping all appointments and engagements, more scrupulously exact and honest in financial matters, more careful in avoiding every form of debt. And into the consideration of public questions he carried the same good sense and prudence that marked his management of his own affairs. His contemporaries in the various towns in which he lived will recall instances where his intelligent grasp of the situation and his clear and dignified presentation of his views were instrumental in effecting a wise settlement of important business matters.

V.

WAYLAND.

1851-1866.

V.

WAYLAND.

1851-1866.

IN the spring of 1851 the strength of Mrs. Sears appeared at last to give way under her many burdens. The following entry was made at that time in her husband's private journal:—

“A feeling of sadness oppresses me, and I cannot throw it off. There have been intimations for some time that a giant sorrow is hanging over me. Oh that this cup could pass from me! But we know not what we want. I am aware that I need trial to subdue me, and make me a kindlier and better man. Nature would say, ‘Take any shape but that’; but Nature is blind, and here for relief I will bow myself in prayer.

“O my God whom I adore in the glorified humanity of Jesus, thou form divinely bright, be near! Thou seest the cloud that hangs over me. Roll it away, and let thy blessed sunlight in. If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but thy will be done. Let my will be absorbed in thine; and let me lie still in thy hands, like a little child. I pray above all things for holiness,—for sins purged away and forgiven, for my selfishness removed, for thy love abounding in my heart and flowing out more perfectly in all my conduct. Lead

me as a little child is led, and I shall be happy. To make me pure, come trouble, come affliction, come sunshine or shadow, if it only bring me nearer to thee, and make me holy ; and to thee be everlasting glory."

On the margin of the page is this line: "Written when I was very ill.—E. B. S."

A few years later Mrs. Sears was again ill. For months she was afflicted with an alarming cough and great physical weakness. She always ascribed her recovery to the skilful treatment of Dr. Edward H. Clarke. Perhaps it was due also to her own determination not to leave the work of her life half-done.

It was while Mr. and Mrs. Sears were in Wayland that their three sons were born, and it was there that they met with a crushing sorrow in the death of their daughter Katie in 1853. How their hearts were almost broken by this grief is shown in the memorial which Mr. Sears wrote of her life, death, and character, and which may be found in another part of this volume.

For thirteen years after this great sorrow Mr. and Mrs. Sears lived in their Wayland home. Mr. Sears gained in strength so far that he was able to lead a life of more varied activity than was deemed possible for some years after leaving Lancaster, although throughout his life he was subject to occasional long-continued seasons of illness and weakness. One of the most serious of all occurred in the winter of 1862-63, when for more than three months Mrs. Sears watched every night by his bedside, getting what little sleep she might, and attending to her usual household duties each day. But he became, on the whole, stronger, and found him-

self able to do some literary work in addition to the faithful care of his quiet little parish.

Besides publishing his books, "Pictures of the Olden Times," "Regeneration," and "Foregleams of Immortality," he became one of the editors of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, and wrote much for its pages, both in prose and verse. He was conscientious in discharging all the duties of citizenship, and in Wayland, as afterward in Weston, served for many years as a member of the school and library committees, being deeply interested in both institutions. Quiet and retiring in manner, and free from any self-seeking, yet bold and emphatic in thought and utterance, he became a powerful influence in the little community which loved and revered him. From one cause only came a serious disturbance of his friendly relations with all his fellow-citizens. It was a necessity of his nature that he should hold human slavery in profound abhorrence. "It is not very often," said he, in beginning one of his sermons, "that I think it worth while to turn aside from the ordinary topics of this place and hour. My aim, generally, is to unfold the central truths of the gospel, so as to bring us individually to bow before them and feel their power. But I do not forget that we are citizens, and have duties to the times and the country we live in, and that the gospel should sometimes have a wider application to the sins of the times."

So, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, Mr. Sears preached a sermon denouncing the law, and declaring that he would not obey it. Undismayed by the angry feeling he had roused, he repeated the act

after the first fugitive was taken from Boston and returned to slavery. And, after the assault upon Charles Sumner in the United States Senate Chamber, Mr. Sears preached a sermon on "The Impending Crisis," of which an immense edition was printed and widely circulated. His gentle and serene bearing toward those who condemned his course, his refusal to entertain any personal grievance against them, prevented a permanent estrangement, and Mr. and Mrs. Sears left only friends behind them when in 1866 they removed to the neighboring town of Weston.

Two years before this change of residence the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage occurred, and Mr. Sears wrote the following account of the event :

SILVER WEDDING.

Nov. 7, 1864.

This day being the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Sears had intimations that they must be at home in the evening. Returning from a visit at Lancaster, we arrived home late in the afternoon. Early in the evening friends began to assemble, until about seven o'clock the rooms were pretty well filled by kind friends, former parishioners and their families, nearly every family in the little Wayland parish being represented. It was almost an entire surprise, as the hints which we had received only led us to expect a few of our intimate friends to call simply as a matter of congratulation. About eight o'clock James S. Draper, Esq., called the company to order, when the following hymn was read and sung :—

"Silver Wedding Hymn.

"As travellers up the mountain heights
Oft pause and backward turn their gaze,
And joyous view the past delights
That cheered them in their toilsome ways,

"So now our friends of this dear home
Have reached a silvery spot serene,
Where flowers of sweet aroma bloom,
And fruits of hallowed ground are seen.

"The cycle of those happy years
Since first they walked in Hymen's way
In panoramic view appears,—
The picture of life's opening day.

"And friends, now gathered here to share
The silver wedding joys to-night,
Behold with them the vision fair
And feel the thrill of their delight;

"See first a glorious emblem shine,
Drawn from celestial homes above,—
The triune sisterhood divine
Of Christian faith and hope and love.

"The offspring of that love behold,
In forms of heavenly graces bright,—
A goodly band, whose ranks untold
Will sparkle in the world of light.

"Their offspring,—let us not forget
The flowers long tended by their love :
Three bloom within their garden yet,
And *one* perfumes their home above.

“ These are the brilliant gems that grace
The silvery crown all pure and bright ;
And on our friends we gladly place
The fitting coronet to-night.”

After this hymn had been sung in tones kind and fervent, a stand loaded with silver plate emerged from the back part of the room, which had been purposely, it seems, kept in shadow. It was brought by Mr. Henry D. Parmenter, and placed in front of the sofa where Mr. and Mrs. Sears happened to be standing. As it was presented, Miss L. Anna Dudley spoke these words :—

“ Mr. Sears, I am asked by your Wayland friends to express to yourself and Mrs. Sears their sincere love for you, and ask your acceptance of a slight testimonial of that love. The first I am wholly unable to do ; but the face of each and every one here present, as he or she grasps your hand in congratulation and sympathy, must tell you that the love which received you twenty-five years ago has grown stronger and stronger till the present time ; that we recognize in you the connecting link which has united, still unites, and we hope for years may unite, our social circle ; and that we hope each returning year may bring you and your family joys more and greater than we can speak.

“ But I can ask you to accept our gift, not as measuring in the least our affection, but simply as denoting it.”

Mr. Sears replied as follows :—

“ *Dear Friends*,— I have no words which can fully express to you our appreciation of this testimonial of your kindness and love. I thank you for this expression

so full and so unexpected, the beautiful hymn which has been sung, and these splendid presents which you have brought. I assure you that a grateful sense of your kindness will go with us in all our after life as a most precious treasure of memory, and it will go with us into a future world when this life has passed away.

“Looking back over the twenty-five years that have now passed, I have been impressed with the fact that the good Providence not only controls the important events of our lives, but takes up all the little occasions and weaves them into the web of our history. My first coming among you seemed a mere accident. I came from the theological school to read a sermon one Sunday when the minister was too ill to preach. I was charmed with the quiet scenery. We went over the Sudbury River to visit a sick boy,—the river not then, as now, overflowing the meadows and turning them into marshes. When we left the school, some of my classmates sought metropolitan positions; and their names have become somewhat celebrated. I had no other ambition than to lead such a quiet pastorate as Goldsmith describes in the ‘Deserted Village.’ So I was drawn back to this spot, and became your pastor. Among those who used to come to my study, and advise with me and cheer me in my duties, was Deacon Draper, God bless him! One day he came in with a queer expression on his face, as if he had something new to impart. ‘There is one other thing,’ said he, ‘I wish you would do for us. It would be very pleasing to the people if you would bring a wife here among them.’

“It was very good advice, and easy to give, but not so easy to follow. There was only one person whose image floated in my memory, whom I could think of in such a relation. But I thought she was so much better than myself that I shrank from trying to put Deacon Draper’s advice into practice. It happened, however, that I was passing through Boston one day on a distant exchange, and the ideal of my fancy crossed my path. It was an accident; and it illustrates what I was saying,—that Providence weaves them into our web of life. Our minds flashed into each other; and I found that while I was thinking she was too good for me, she was thinking that I was too good for her. You know the result. You received her with warm and generous hearts. And through all these years we have had constant and unfailing expression of your indulgence and love. And when the clouds came over us, and the storm broke upon our household, you gathered close about us, and we felt the beating of your warm hearts as we leaned upon you. Once more accept our grateful acknowledgments for your manifold kindness, consummated in these beautiful presents and the manifestations of your love this evening.”

VI.

WESTON.

1866-1897.



FIRST PARISH (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, WESTON.

BUILT 1840.

VI.

WESTON.

1866-1897.

AFTER preaching in Wayland during the greater part of seventeen years, Mr. Sears felt that he had given his best to the church in that town; and, with some hesitation and more reluctance, he tendered his resignation. At the time it was his intention not immediately to resume preaching, but to complete his work, "The Heart of Christ." From the Unitarian church in the adjoining town of Weston, however, there came so hearty an invitation that he decided to accept it.

For more than a year before he left his Wayland home to live in Weston, Mr. Sears had been preaching to the Weston Unitarian Society as colleague to the venerable Dr. Field, who, after a ministry of fifty years in that parish, had retired from its active duties, although his loyal people declined to accept his resignation. Here, also, Mr. and Mrs. Sears found the warmest and most delightful friends; and here they passed some of the happiest years of their married life. Here was finished the "Heart of Christ," which had been ten years in preparation. As he was beginning it, Mr. Sears wrote in his journal:—

"I feel that higher views of Christ and his kingdom in the world have dawned upon me than I find in the pseudo-rationalism of these times. Lord, help me to divulge them so as to do good to those who hunger and thirst."

And when it was completed :—

"I have felt all through as if a higher hand was guiding me, and as if this work had been assigned me and my life spared and planned therefor. I have tried to do it without putting any self in it.

"O Thou whom I seek to serve, thou Eternal Word come near in Jesus Christ, prosper this work and make it thine, and speed it for the good of men and of thy churches here. Keep me pure, keep mine eye single, keep me in thy peace for thy truth's sake."

Mr. Sears also published one more volume, "Sermons and Songs." This was his last work of any magnitude.

In the autumn of 1874 he met with a fall which shattered his somewhat enfeebled strength. He died on the 16th of January, 1876, after fifteen months of weakness and suffering; and Mrs. Sears was almost overcome with a sense of loneliness and bereavement. When in the quiet cemetery at Weston she

"Laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown,"

she felt that her work, too, was finished. In her sorrow she wrote: "For thirty-five years he had been my first thought and care, his delicate health requiring constant attention. His life-work was nobly done,

giving comfort and hope to many stricken souls. He lived a pure, beautiful life, and now he has gone to the rest for which he longed, my precious sainted one; and now my work is done, and I am left alone, alone. God help me."

Thus, in the freshness of her grief, she lived for a few weeks in the past. She came back to the present in a way peculiarly her own. Hearing of a family near her in destitute circumstances, she exclaimed in a passion of self-reproach that she had been selfish and wicked to think only of her own trouble when others needed her help. Thenceforward she walked again in her accustomed path of self-forgetful love and charity.

Something more than a year after Mr. Sears's death she was called upon to meet another great sorrow in the loss of her brother, Francis Bacon, briefly but touchingly described in her own words:—

"April 27, 1877, went to Barnstable to make ready for my dear brother Frank to come, he being quite ill. He came April 30,—tolerably comfortable,—grew more ill quite rapidly, and left us May 9 to put on the white robes given to the pure in heart and life. And now I am more alone than ever, being the last one living of a large circle of fifteen brothers and sisters."

In a small note-book in Mrs. Sears's desk were found these two entries made after the deaths of her husband and her last remaining brother. Some time later it evidently occurred to her that her words of loneliness might give pain to some who should read them after her own death. So after each entry, she added that she was not alone, but had found comfort in the

love of those who still remained with her, and in trying to make them happy.

Still other bereavements were to follow. She had now reached an age when the friends and companions of her own generation must pass away from her. Yet deeply as she felt each loss from the fast-narrowing circle she yet was able to gather about her a new set of friends younger than herself, whose frequent visits brightened her home. They were of all ages and conditions, and she adapted herself readily to the needs of all. "She is older than I," said a little girl of six years; "but she is my friend." The unerring instinct of childhood felt that their spirits met on one level across a difference of nearly eighty years. So heartily did she enter into the interests and pastimes of the young that her home was one of their favorite resorts. A caller once found her passing the evening pleasantly with seven young men who had gathered in her sitting-room by chance. Now she might be seen sitting on the floor with little children, taking part in their games as heartily as they. Again she would be called upon for advice about delicate parish problems or family perplexities. Then she would turn to greet her old-time friends, who constantly sought her companionship, or not less warmly to welcome new friends and neighbors. In this informal way much of the social life of the town centred round her home, and drew from her its finest inspiration. To the church which Mr. Sears had served with untiring love and devotion she was an invaluable helper. Never forgetting how dear its welfare had been to him, she gave to each of his successors a loyal

and generous support. Nor were its successive pastors slow in resorting to her for aid and counsel. They valued her ready sympathy, her practical wisdom, and her unfailing sense of justice; and these same qualities made her loved and respected by the whole society. And into every scheme for promoting the good of the church she entered with genuine interest. She labored for its yearly fair with indefatigable industry; and to the day of her death she was the president of its sewing circle, which profited by her love of use and her busy example.

In nothing was the elasticity of her nature more strikingly manifested than in her relations with her children and grandchildren, who, throughout her closing years were always with her. They constantly sought the benefit of her sound judgment and ripe experience, and she was their favorite companion in many of their recreations. She always demanded an equal footing among them, resolutely declining to accept even from the youngest of them the privileges that belong to age. Indeed, neither mentally nor physically was she at any noticeable disadvantage among younger people, so there was no occasion to offend her sturdy independence.

Thus, in an old age serene and beautiful, Mrs. Sears survived her husband twenty-one years. They were happy years, notwithstanding the lonely hours when she missed the companionship of those who had left her. To the last she retained her physical and mental activity, the quick, elastic step of youth, an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world, and her excellent

powers of discrimination. She loved books, read many of them, and, even in her last illness, her judgment of them continued to be fine and true. A slight impairment of her hearing, an occasional lapse of memory, were noticeable, but were not so great as to withdraw her from her usual occupations. Gradually she went less to her friends; but they came to her, carrying to her the matters which pleased, perplexed, or troubled them, and never failing to receive sympathy, counsel, or comfort, according to their varied needs.

In many a home still is preserved some letter from her like the following, speaking her message to hearts stricken by bereavement and sorrow:—

WESTON, Nov. 2, 1880.

My dear —, — I so longed when at your dear mother's house yesterday to express, if only by a silent pressure of the hand, my love and sympathy and grief. My heart went out to you all; for much of affliction and sorrow has been my portion in this life, so that I always feel myself brought very near to the suffering and the sorrowful, longing to share their grief or to be able in some way to soothe it. But, in the "passing on" of your dear sainted mother, I, too, have parted with a dear, very dear friend. Her pure, beautiful, true life has left a deep impression on me; and I learned to love and appreciate her more and more as the years passed on. And this summer, especially, I never felt my Sunday complete without her kind greeting, and the few pleasant words we always had together at the close of the Sunday service.

I was thinking how much I should miss her Sunday, but never once thought I had received her last kind greeting here. When I think how kind and good and gentle she was, my heart aches for you all. Especially I think of your brother, whose

pleasant home has been broken up for the second time, and can only say, May the love of God be with you all, to comfort and to bless you in this great sorrow !

All our hearts are mourning: our entire parish feel that they have lost a dear and true friend, one always ready to help in every case of need. All here are truly sympathizers in your grief. I will say no more, for words are poor; but so much I could not avoid saying from a full heart. May the peace of God be with you all !

Ever yours in sympathy and love,

ELLEN B. SEARS.

In September, 1896, two nieces, daughters of an elder and especially beloved sister, who were so nearly of her own age that they had been her playmates in childhood and her constant companions since, died on the same day,—one at Mrs. Sears's own house in Weston, where she was visiting, the other without warning just after leaving her. Side by side they were buried in the cemetery at Weston; and with a new and unexpected sense of loneliness Mrs. Sears resumed her journey, which was now nearing its end; for, bravely though she bore the shock of this sudden bereavement, it perceptibly weakened her hold upon life. At the opening of the following year it was found that she was subject to an incurable malady. Life, with the wealth of affection and the long-sustained power of beneficent activity it had given her, still seemed good to her. She knew that the earth still held those who needed her, although she could not know how completely for them

“The many made the household,
But only one the home.”

For nearly four months her marvellous vitality resisted, and at times appeared almost to defy, the attacks of disease. Not having been told the nature of her illness, she would often declare herself better, and would decline the gladly proffered offices of which she really had need. At length, however, it became plain to her that her failing powers no longer responded as of old to her indomitable will. Ten days before her death she questioned her physician; and, quickly discerning from his replies that her recovery was hopeless, she cared to ask no further, and calmly gave up the struggle. That night she handed to one of her sons an envelope marked "My Treasures," containing the pieces printed elsewhere in this volume. She called for the reading of each one, then asked him to keep them, for she should have no further use for them. On each of the next three days she called at eventide for the reading of a chapter from the New Testament and a hymn. The last reading, on Easter Even, was the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians and the hymn beginning "Forever with the Lord." Easter Sunday she grew ill rapidly, and could talk or listen no more. For a few days yet she lingered in much suffering. On the 24th of April, at break of morning, she quietly ceased to breathe.

On the third day following, the church near her home, in which she had worshipped, was filled with friends who gathered from Weston and Wayland and more distant places. Even a little group of those from whom she had parted fifty years before in Lancaster was present. In her vacant pew and in the

chancel the flowers she had loved were arranged so that not their profusion, but their loveliness, was shown. The solemn words of Scripture and prayer were spoken by her pastor and steadfast friend. Hymns that she loved were sung by the village choir.

Then beneath the warm April sunshine she was laid beside her husband and daughter ; and with them in life eternal she rests from the sorrow, the pain, the weariness of earth.

Her character was strong and self-reliant ; but it was simple, and shunned publicity. Its keynote was unselfishness. She gladly endured discomfort, pain, or fatigue, if she could bear another's burden. She loved to receive kindness and affection : the things of the world she valued only to give away. So deeply did she enter into her husband's work that she read each sermon before he preached it, each article he wrote before it was printed ; and this constant sympathetic relation could not help influencing profoundly her mind and character. Nevertheless, she had a religious faith which was all her own. It was an earnest, abiding trust in God ; and it controlled each act and word of her daily life. And it is a beautiful memory to recall her gentle presence as she sat each Sunday afternoon in the rocking-chair by her chamber window, reading her well-worn New Testament.

Holding fast to her own convictions, she yet respected the freedom of others, and never sought to influence their opinions upon religious subjects. Yet, none the less because unconsciously, she quickened in the lives of all who knew her a love of what is true

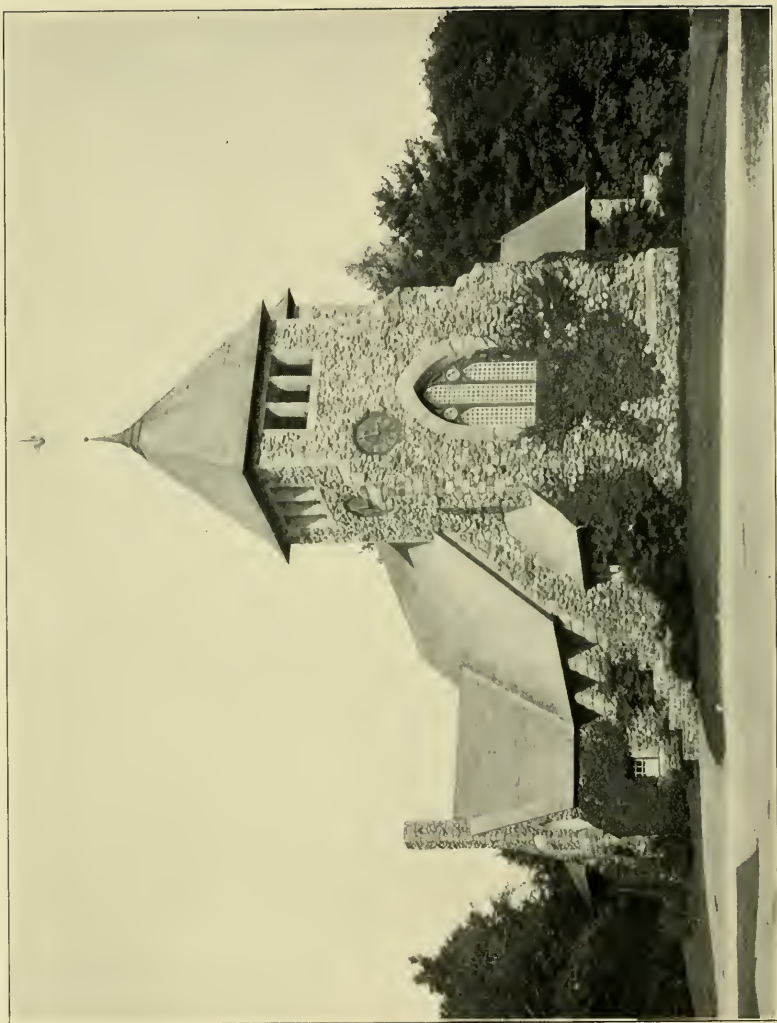
and pure and good, since in her own simple life of duty she did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with her God.

“ A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact;
Keeping, with many a light disguise,
The secret of self-sacrifice;
O heart sore tried ! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things.
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings. ”

VII.

AT THE CHURCH.

APRIL 26, 1897.



FIRST PARISH (UNITARIAN) CHURCH, WESTON.

BUILT 1888.

VII.
AT THE CHURCH.

APRIL 26, 1897.

THE SCRIPTURE READING, THE PRAYERS, AND THE READING
OF THE HYMNS WERE BY MRS. SEARS'S PASTOR, REV.
CHARLES F. RUSSELL.

PRAYER.

O ALMIGHTY God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men ; grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise ; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of this world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

SCRIPTURE READING.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou

preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,

and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

In the last day shall the King say: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying: Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Let us now praise the good and those that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their station, renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring

prophecies; leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions; richly furnished with ability; living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported; these were merciful, whose righteousness shall not be forgotten. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes. Their seed shall remain forever, and their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her

in the gates. For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with man. When it is present, men take example at it; and, when it is gone, they desire it. It weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory striving for undefiled rewards.

Hear these comforting words of the Lord Jesus: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

And these also: Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

And these of Saint Paul: For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the children of God. For we have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but we have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with him that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in

us. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Hear also these words of Saint John: And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying: Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said: Behold, I make all things new. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they

may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

[Written by Miss ELIZA SCUDDER, a niece of Mrs. Sears, and read by request.]

Gentle friends who gather here,
Drop no unavailing tear,
With no gloom surround this bier.

Bid this weary frame oppress,
Welcome to its longed-for rest
On the fair earth's sheltering breast.

And the spirit, freed from clay,
Give glad leave to soar away,
Singing, to the eternal day.

Known, O Father, unto thee
All the long captivity
Of the soul, at last set free;

And to thee, O pitying God,
Known thy grace that overflowed
All that still and sacred road,

Where thy patience brought relief
Following in thy path of grief,
Thou of suffering souls the chief!

Yet, since thou hast stooped to say,
Cast that outworn robe away,
Come and rest with me to-day,—

Come to larger life and power,
Come to strength renewed each hour,
Come to truth's unfailing dower;—

To the dear ones gathered here
Make thy loving purpose clear,
And thy light shine round this bier.

HYMN.

[Sung by the village choir.]

Forever with the Lord !
Amen : so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

PRAYER.

O God, our Father, we, who are thy needy and troubled children, lift up our hearts to thee in gratitude and thanksgiving, and would now praise thee for thy goodness to us and to all men.

We would recall that thou didst love each one of us

before thou laidst the foundation of the world, and that thy affection has never been idle or inoperative, but has ever administered thy universe for our advancement and redemption, and is as potent and near to-day as ever. We would recall the multitude of the mercies with which thou dost surround us; that thou dost feed us and protect us and set thy guardian laws about us; that thy providence is unceasing and thy care knows no interruption.

For we need to be assured of thy goodness. Give us, then, a lively sense of thy mercies, that we now and hereafter be lifted above all discouragement and unreasonable sorrow, and, as thy trusting children, worship thee in gratitude and joy.

We rejoice that thou hast never left thy world without witnesses of thyself. That as in ancient times thou didst speak by thy holy prophets, and then gave a full revelation of thyself in thy Son, so in these days of ours thou dost raise up disciples of his who are obedient to his commandments, who manifest his life, and who carry forward the work thou gavest him to do. And we thank thee here and now for the life of thy servant who to this church, as thy and their minister, bore witness of thee, and proclaimed thy truth and uncovered thy love and gave thy consolations, whose work we have entered into, whose name is remembered with love.

But we thank thee now especially for the life of thy daughter whom thy didst send to live among us here for our comfort and inspiration. For all the graces of her life our hearts go out to thee in gratitude. For

that unswerving devotion to the truth as it had been revealed to her, which made her a steadying force in our uncertain times; for her clear and convincing faith; for the benevolence which needed not to be provoked, but went out to seek for the needy and distressed; for the sweet and cheerful temper which was a living well of sunny life to many of us; for her sure vision of heaven; for her continuous communion with thee; for her patience, her gladness; for her just being herself; and for permitting us to live within her influence,—O thou Giver of this and every good and perfect gift, our hearts go out to thee in worship and affection. And as once, when no human heart could have divined it, thy Son assured his friends that it was expedient that he go away, and thy love and care were most signally evidenced in his departure, so grant us, Father, to see thy goodness in what now troubles us, that our tears may not hide thy fatherly face from us, nor our sorrow lead us into any distrust of thy affection. May the steady faith that was in her now uplift and strengthen us, and make us more fully thy acceptable sons and daughters. O God, we know not into what realms of bliss thou hast taken her; but we know that she is with thee, and that in thy presence is fulness of joy, and that thy care has far exceeded the limits of all that we can wish for her. But be thou with us, who are now dominated by a sense of solitude and loss. May we take up what she left unfinished, and do what we can to extend the influence of her life; may the work she loved not suffer because we are not willing and active to carry it forward; and

may we thank thee, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves more perfectly to thy service. Our Father, we do not dare to question thy ways; administer, then, thy consolations unto these who were most dear to her, after thy own divine fashion, enable us all through the discipline of this and all other experiences to attain to a more consecrated and serviceable life and to draw nearer to thee; and fulfil these and all desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

MY PSALM.

[The last hymn written by Mr. SEARS, and read by request.]

O Thou most present in our paths
When least thy steps we see,
Amid these wrecks of earthly hopes
I breathe my prayer to thee.

What though this house thy hand has built
Must in these ruins fall,
My soul shall rise, sustained by thee,
Serene above them all.

And pain, which in the long long hours
Keeps on by night and day,
Through these fast crumbling walls to thee
Finds a new opening way.

For through the rents already made
I see thy glorious face,
And songs unheard by mortal ears
Chant thy redeeming grace.

Oh, build anew this mortal frame,
 And make it serve thee still,
 Or make these ministries of pain
 Their blessed end fulfil,

That, held and chastened by thy hand,
 I yet may come to thee,
 Subdued and ripened for the work
 Of immortality.

For there, upon the immortal shores,
 The throngs in white array
 Came from these ministries of pain
 To serve thee night and day.

HYMN.

[Sung by the village choir.]

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
 Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight ;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

Alleluia !

O, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints, who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

O blest communion, fellowship divine !
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed.
Alleluia !

VIII.

MEMORIAL SERMON:

ELLEN BACON SEARS.

VIII.

MEMORIAL SERMON:

ELLEN BACON SEARS.

PREACHED AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WESTON, MASS., ON
SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1897, BY REV. CHARLES F. RUSSELL.

"Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."—HEB. iv. 1.

WE would all agree, I think, with the apostle that it would be a fearful thing to come short of the promised rest of God.

For if in the apostle's day, when life was comparatively easy and its friction bearable, men desired to enter into the rest that remaineth to the children of God, in these times of ours, filled with agitation and worry, the longing cannot be less earnest, nor the sense of the possibility of loss less alarming. If there has been given to humanity the promise of a divinely ordered rest, surely never, since the world began to spin, was there an hour when to come short of it would seem so fearful as this hour. There are few, if any of us, who are not worn and troubled by the rush of the world's present life, who are not diminished in body and soul by the sharp, quick strokes of the shuttle of fate, by which is woven the web of each day's history;

and the courage which enables us to front the friction of each new demand comes from the hope that it will not last forever, but that some time we shall enter into our time of rest. Said the poet to the king he would commend,—

“Thou
Didst ne’er engage in work for mere work’s sake,
Hadst ever in thy heart the luring hope
Of some eventual rest atop of it.”

And so I think it is with all of us. Beyond the effort which we put forth, beyond the worry and fret which we endure, we see an hour when we shall thereby have won peace, and it is this “luring hope” that enheartens us for the toil and weariness of our every-day life. The word of the apostle to the Hebrews is thus also a word to us. We also fear lest we come short of the promised rest.

But what is this rest, which from the time of the apostle till now all Christians have desired? What is this rest which God holds out as an end toward which we should strive?

I think among the Hebrews there would have been much difference as regards the nature of this rest, though there might have been none as to its desirability. All would have united in saying that the divine rest must be free from agitation and worry, from anxiety and friction; that the strife which wears life to absolute thinness could have no place in it; that the haste and bustle that confuse and distract the soul, and will not allow it to mount to the heights where alone it can fully be, would therein be unknown.

But some would have said that the wished-for rest must be more than freedom from agitation and worry and strife and haste,—that it must be freedom from *all* activity, and that only in absolute relief from movement could they attain their heart's desire.

And I think this latter conception of rest is the one which has been most common among Christians from the day of the apostle to this day. The divine rest usually has been thought of as devoid of all exercise and opposed to all motion, and that for the activities of this present men were to be given quiet. Such a rest it was not possible to realize in an earthly life, and the promised rest became a synonyme of heaven.

Now while there is much that would go to prove that this was not the notion of the apostle,—for instance, his statement that it was only their unbelief that prevented the Hebrews from attaining this rest under Moses and Joshua,—yet the description of him that has entered into his rest as one that has ceased from his work as God did from his on the first Sabbath, would be regarded by most as proof that the apostle thought of the divine rest as absence of activity. For it is written, "On the seventh day God ended his work that he had made, and he rested on the seventh day; and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that on it he rested from all his work." From this it would appear that on the seventh day God ceased to work, ceased to be active, and that the rest which is promised man, being like that, is devoid of movement.

But this conception of rest does not commend it-

self to some men. They have found that life is synonymous with movement; other things being equal the greater the movement the greater the life; and to be told that life will end in this sort of rest is only to offer them annihilation as the reward of all effort. Again, while they would be willing to grant that the rest promised man by God must be like his own divine rest, they find it impossible to reconcile either science or philosophy with this common notion of the nature of the rest of God on the first Sabbath.

In the story that the earth tells of its own creation they find evidence of no rest, but rather of a continual progress. Great changes have been wrought. Mountains have been uplifted and continents submerged. Seas have been swallowed up. Upon a barren and lifeless globe have appeared the herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit, cattle and creeping things and the beasts of the field. The waters have brought forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life, and the air has been taught to upbear the wings of those that fly. In due time came man, having dominion over every living thing upon the earth. But these changes have known no interruption, and the work of creation is still going on. The power that took hold on chaos and began to shape it into a universe they find has never relinquished its grasp. And the earth and the stars tell nowhere of the day when God completed them, and rested from his labors; but, instead, of an untiring energy and a ceaseless activity, which is as strong and as purposeful to-day as ever, and which sweeps all things toward some pre-

destined end. There may be a divine rest known and enjoyed of God. But, if God be the one who framed the worlds and spread out the heavens, and called life and man into being, then this rest is not absence of activity or lack of movement; for their Creator never thus rests, but forever urges his universe over its progressive way.

Nor can philosophy, these men say, as it strives to know the truth, conceive of a non-active God. It is because the spirit of God forever moves over the face of things material that they even appear to be. It is because God pours out his life without stint and without measure that we live and move and have our being. Life is activity, and God is the Life of life, and of a quiescent or even a passive God philosophy knows nothing, nor of one that for a day, or the most minute fraction of time, withdrew himself from the work he had begun. There are those that would hold that, if we do not mistake the meaning of the apostle when we assert that he taught that the divine rest was absence of movement, then they must dissent from his teaching; for what they find to be otherwise true as to the universe and as to God convinces them that Deity is always active, and that only through his ceaseless and uninterrupted energy does aught exist.

I confess that I am one of these. What the universe reveals of Him that made it, what the spark of divine life breathed into man can conceive as to Him from whom it came, convinces me that God has known and can know no rest which is absence of activity. What he has done; his nature; prove that his spirit knows no

interruption, but forever gives itself for the advance of his wise and loving purpose.

But while I cannot think of the divine rest as devoid of movement, on the other hand, I am sure it is disturbed by no agitation nor fret nor worry nor waste. Ceaseless is the divine energy in its own outpouring, but it proceeds without friction and without turmoil. God ever gives himself to his world; but he gives himself freely and without anxiety and without haste, and is therefore always at peace and at rest.

And, when we give the matter thought, is not this the rest which we desire? We do not wish to attain a rest that is without movement, and thereby sink, not only out of life, but further out of existence. We only wish to be freed from what distracts and wears and burdens and dwarfs us, and to be one with God in his ceaseless but untiring movement. To be putting forth the best that is in us; to be giving every faculty its fullest and most fitting exercise; to be unrestrained and free, and yet calm and peaceful; to feel virtue going out from us, and yet be conscious of an inexhaustible fountain within us; to be sure we are alive, and yet to know no weariness nor anxiety,—this is to enter into the rest which is one with that of God, and to receive what he has promised to mankind.

And this rest the Hebrews could have entered into in the time of Moses or Joshua or David or the apostles. It is one that it is possible for each of us to attain now. Into the activity which is without anxiety or friction, into the calm, free exercise of our souls, into the only rest that spirits can be satisfi^{ed}

with, it is possible for every child of God to enter. For, saith the Apostle, "there ever remaineth this rest for the people of God."

And it is not only possible, but, further, it has been achieved. For it is the glory of Christianity that whatever it teaches has been successfully practised by some one of its disciples; and this case is no exception to the rule. There have lived those who have been active and yet peaceful; full of energy and enthusiasm, but without worry; who, having entered into the divine rest, which is movement without friction or anxiety, have borne testimony that heaven's promised rest may be attained here and now.

Such a one has just gone from us. There can be no doubt as to her activity. In every aspect of being she was full of vigor. Her mind was alert, and embraced in its relations the widest sweep of existence. She not only had certain favorite authors and chosen portions of their writings which she cared for and enjoyed as one does the society of old friends, but I saw upon her table all the best books as they issued from the press,—books which I longed to read, and could not,—and found, when I questioned her,—for her modesty did not often allow her to volunteer criticism,—that she knew their contents, and had judged them with shrewd and delicate appreciation. And about the old questions which bothered Adam and Abraham and Job, and have to be settled by you and me in the practical life we live to-day,—questions as to honor and right, as to life and death and destiny,—she had definite opinions, wrought out of her own experience, and based on the finest

and purest of principles, so that her advice was ever clear and sane. Her words, though always kindly, were often humorous, touching trouble and perplexity as one who saw beyond and about them, and who was conscious of the divine purpose including all.

And what one of us has not felt the strength and inclusiveness of her affections? She had a wealth of sympathy, which made her the friend and companion of every human soul, which kept her in accord with the thought and care of the aged, the assured strength of the mature, and the gladness and enthusiasm of children. There was no need in our town or in Mesopotamia which did not touch her, and which she did not wish to heal. Her kindness continually overflowed the ordinary circle in which most of us confine our charity, and went out to seek, in the lanes and hedges of existence, the poor and the maimed, the halt and the blind, that she might share with them what she had. Not even the most tender of us ever equalled her interest and care for the needy and the unfortunate, but her concern was always a spur urging us over the way in which we knew we ought to go. And, even as to the body, she had a surplus of life which would not allow her to accept service from any one, which sent her to bring you what you wished before you were half aware you desired it, which, to the last, thwarted the attention of her friends, and encompassed her with some of the resisting force that flows out from a strong magnet.

Or take it in the highest manifestations of the soul. There was in her a strength of devoutness, a vitality of conscience, a fulness of faith, which invigorated and

warmed all she came in contact with, and made many ashamed of their worldliness and triviality, and for the instant, at least, aware that they ought to be about their Father's business. There was in her, in every aspect of the spirit, such abundance of energy, that throughout the varied experiences of a long life she was enabled to supplement the weakness of all who depended on her, and up to this present made her the life of this parish, the fountain from which flowed out the most and the best of its vigor. Her strength caught us all up, and carried us to larger and higher movements,—made us aware that we ought also to do, and, while we remained within her influence, gave inspiration to attempt our duty.

And yet, while she was thus active and so great a source of activity in others, where could be found a spirit more serene and trustful, a mind less agitated, a heart more fixed, a soul more perfectly at rest? In the midst of these feverish times, and doing much more than her share of work, she was peaceful and undisturbed. Sure of her grasp of things eternal and immortal, she saw without dismay the turmoil that swept about her. Aware of the sin and the wretchedness of human life, the pain that causes the universe to groan and travail together, she was yet calm and full of joy; for she was convinced of the ever-nearing redemption of mankind, and knew of the tides of divine life which ever come to the hearts which will open to receive them. It was this good cheer, this gladness, that seemed to me the crowning grace of her saintliness, which showed her a representative of the Master, who

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himself was confident and quiet and assured. Here we had with us one who had received the promise, and entered into the rest that remaineth with God,—the rest wherein is the fullest activity without friction, the freest exercise of every faculty, with gladness in the exercise. The rest which is not opposed to activity, but to restlessness, was hers. Here and now she received the promise.

What is left for us, assured and incited by her example, is not only to take up and carry on the work she so deeply cared for, but further to maintain in existence, to the full measure of our ability, her sweet and glad spirit, the peace and trust which she evidenced. Great shame will be to us if, having known not only how fully the untiring strength of the divine may be manifested in these times of ours, but further how the divine promise may be entered into and the divine rest enjoyed, we do not profit by this example to the renewed life of our church and the redeeming of our own ways.

For through a like consecration of what we are to God's service, through a like surrender of our personal aims for those which will advance heaven's designs, each one of us will be enabled to gain now and here what has been promised. For they who work for the good of others and the spread of the gospel, and the establishment of truth and the extension of the Master's spirit, need be in no haste nor anxiety; for they hear through the turmoil of every ordinary hour the foot-fall of the angels who ever bring light and peace to the world. Resting in the Lord and waiting pa-

tiently for him, we can find, in the midst of all the world's jar and agitation, a place like the calm, still centre of the storm, and be enabled to do the work which has been given us to do and yet be glad and still. Let us, therefore, fear that, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, we should come short of it. Let us try, here and now, to realize the peace the Master left us, and which his saints have always manifested, which enabled him and them to pass serene and hopeful through all of earth's experiences, that we also may forward all unfinished work and extend the dominion of the Christ-like temper.

IX.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES
TO
ELLEN BACON SEARS.

IX.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

[By CHARLES H. FISKE, Esq., in the *Boston Evening Transcript*,
Tuesday, April 27, 1897.]

ELLEN BACON SEARS.

ON Saturday morning, in her quiet country village, her home for about the last thirty years, surrounded by much-loved and loving friends, Mrs. Sears finished her long earthly life. Her name was not confined within narrow limits, but she was well known and greatly respected by hosts of persons far and near. Her earthly record shows not only many years, but length of time well improved, and a life crowded with good deeds and noble accomplishments. She came to Weston when her late husband took charge of the First Parish there as its pastor; and her home then established remained to her death. In parish affairs she was the most valuable assistant to her husband; and she so established herself in its affairs and in the hearts and affections of the people that, after his death, almost twenty-five years since, she has been the acknowledged head in all church work within a woman's sphere. She has stood like a sentinel on the battlefield of life, carefully guarding her charge, patiently doing her duty, and calmly and without fear awaiting the final summons. She had great strength of character, combined with a sense of extreme modesty and delicacy of feeling. She undertook every duty—household, religious, or merely social—with a deep interest, and sanctified it with the love from her heart. Her home had always been warm and genial, and a well-defined centre around which her many friends have considered it a privilege to gather for words of comfort and cheer; from which none ever departed

empty-handed or unaided. To this spot, like pilgrims to a shrine, many from a distance often repaired for the rich boon of her cheer and light. In cases of sadness as well as in joy, she imparted consolation or interest fitting for the occasion. Every acquaintance, if worthy, became her friend, and was taken into her heart. She never grew old, nor permitted the thoughts and customs of the past to overawe the methods of growth and action of the present, and therefore kept apace with the times. So her heart and soul remained young, though rich in experience. Consequently, the young as well as the old were her chosen companions. So many added years, especially after a busy life, are apt to bring weakness and decay to body or mind; but this was not her case, for she retained, up almost to the last moment, her interest in affairs, and her chamber was beaming with the sunlight of her soul. She was most generous, not only with her purse, but also, what is far more, in her judgment and her love. With her treasure storehouse well filled, she at last rose, with a halo of light reflected from a wealth which is not alone of this world, but eternal, sacred, sure.

[By Mrs. ELIZABETH B. M. KNOX, Secretary of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, First Parish, Weston, in her annual report on Wednesday, May 12, 1897.]

Again this pleasant month of May brings us to our annual meeting, but I think, dear friends, that we come together with saddened hearts to-day; for this May is not as other Mays to us, for we are bereft of our honored and much-loved President,—our leader and head,—who for so many years has met with us to counsel, guide and help us in all our work. She was with us here in November for the last time, hardly well enough then to be here, and staying only a little while. Since that time we have been watching her slow failure, fluctuating between hope and fear, trusting always that, as the mild spring weather approached and she could get out into the fresh air, she would regain health and strength. But this was not to be; and, after many weeks of ever-increasing suffering and pain, the blessed release came. We

make no eulogy for her, but she is enshrined in all our hearts; and, in whatever we do or undertake, the remembrance of her wise counsel, her efficient help, and her persevering industry, will be ever before us. She was the loving friend to all this parish as well as to a wide circle of dear and treasured ones outside of it; and, wherever there was trouble or suffering of any kind which came under her notice, her kindly sympathy helped to comfort and heal. I cannot think of her as dead, she was so alive to all the interests of humanity, in touch with every movement to help or benefit others. She was old in years, but young in feeling and action. She enjoyed the society of her friends, and her presence among them was a blessing. But, sweet and pleasant as she always was, she was nowhere so lovely and so charming as in her own delightful home. In her long life she had met with many heavy bereavements, and within the last year had parted with near and dear friends. Let us hope and believe that her risen spirit has "found its own," and that with them she "walks in Paradise."

X.

“MY TREASURES.”

X.

“MY TREASURES.”

THE poems that follow were kept by Mrs. Sears in an envelope on which she had written “My Treasures.” She constantly read them, and derived therefrom much comfort and strength and inspiration.

WALKING IN WHITE.

[This poem was copied by Mrs. Sears, and read by her every morning before leaving her room.]

O Lord, my God, 'tis early dawn,
And I would walk with thee to-day!
Clothe me in garments white and clean,
All beautiful and bright, I pray.
Grant I may walk with greatest care,
So I may keep their lustre bright.
To-day, my Father, hear my prayer,
And let me walk with thee in white.

No thought, no word, no deed, to-day,
Which may displease my blessed Lord;
No idle loitering by the way,
But sweetly trusting in thy word,
Whate'er my hands may find to do,
That may I do with all my might.
To-day, my Father, pure and true,
Grant I may walk with thee in white.

The failures of the yesterday,
 The cares which may to-morrow come,
 Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
 And guide me on my journey home;
 And when the evening shadows fall,
 And I come kneeling in thy sight,
 Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
 That I have walked with thee in white.

And can I walk each day with thee,
 With robes all white and pure and clean?
 Oh, tell me, Saviour, can I flee
 Forever from that monster, sin?
 I know that in our home above
 Thy saints, in all their full delight,
 Shall bask within redeeming love,
 And always walk with thee in white.

S. J. CURRIER.

"I BELIEVE IN."

[When read to Mrs. Sears for the last time, she said this was her creed.]

I believe in a God, creator, father of all human souls,
 Not a monarch watching Nature while her wondrous plan unfolds,
 But the father of our spirits and the moulder of our frames,
 Loving each as one begotten, calling all by separate names.
 In the creator of our spirits I believe.

I believe the hallowed Jesus loved divinely, suffered much,
 That our God might reach his children with a close and human
 touch,
 Drawing us with love so tender up the pathway where we trod,
 Till we fall, like weeping children, in the yearning arms of God.
 In our King and priest and prophet I believe.

I believe the Holy Spirit fills the earth from shore to shore,
 Round about, above, within us, bearing witness ever more.

Where the Holy Ghost abideth, if he tarry but a night,
Even sordid eyes, beholding, see the wondrous love and light.

In the Paraclete of promise I believe.

I believe the holy angels hover round us all the way,
Each commissioned by the Father; clouds of witnesses are they;
To the throne they bear our sorrows, then return on tireless wing,
Bringing to each heart despatches from the palace of our king.

In the ministering of angels I believe.

I believe in life eternal; trees and flowers and drops of rain
Live and die, and, decomposing, live and die and live again.
Doubting still what wondrous changes shall complete the perfect
sphere,

Life, I know, is greater, grander, than the segment painted here.

In the coming life eternal I believe.

I believe the holy message is infallible and true :
What therein the Lord commandeth he will strengthen us to do.
Not in churches, saints, or prophets, nor in wise men do I trust.
If they teach me words of wisdom, where they learned them, there
I must.

In the word of inspiration I believe.

I believe that human loving is a lesson taught above ;
I believe the cup of blessing is a willing cup of love.
Loving when the flesh is willing is the sweetest drop of bliss :
Loving on through pain and evil is diviner still than this.

In love, the law of love fulfilling, I believe.

I believe in sweet communion with the saints in praise and prayer ;
I believe that in forgiving we rise upward stair by stair ;
I believe in godly strivings, I believe in contrite tears ;
I believe that in believing we shall live through endless years,

For the key of life is only — I believe.

Jacksonville Times-Union.

COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and the life of it."

What can I do for thee, Beloved,
Whose feet, so little time ago,
Trode the same wayside dust with mine,
And now up paths I do not know
Speed without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life,
All fresh and fair and beautiful,
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
The cup is over-brimmed and full;
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things,—
Love thee and chide thee and caress,
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering, with my poor tenderness,
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;
And it is grief of griefs to bear
That all these ministries are o'er,
And thou, so happy, Love, elsewhere,
Dost need me never more.

And I can do for thee but this
(Working on blindly, knowing not
If I may give thee pleasure so):
Out of my own dull shadowed lot
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,
A messenger, dear heart, from thee,
Who wast on earth a comforter,
And say to those who welcome me,
I am sent forth by thee,

Feeling the while how good it is
To do thy errand thus, and think,
 It may be, in the blue far space,
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,
 A smile upon thy face.

And when the day work ends with day,
And star-eyed Evening, stealing in,
 Waves her cold hand to flying noon,
And restless, surging thoughts begin,
 Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray, "Dear Lord, to whose great love
Nor bound nor limit-line is set,
 Give to my darling, I implore,
Some new, sweet joy not tasted yet;
 For I can give no more."

And, with the words, my thoughts shall climb
With following feet the heavenly stair
 Up which thy steps so lately sped,
And, seeing thee so happy there,
 Come back half comforted.

RECOMPENSE.

We are quite sure
That He will give them back,—bright, pure,
 And beautiful.

We know he will but keep
Our own and his, until we fall asleep.

We know he does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
 The here and there.

He does not mean — though heaven be fair —
To change the spirits entering there,
 That they forget
 The eyes upraised and wet,

The lips too still for prayer
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which he gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us,— you and me,— and be so glad
To meet us that, when most I would grow sad,
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go,—
Heaven's pathway show.
My lost, my own, and I
Shall have so much to see together, by and by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that his heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side,—
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified,—
And meant to break
The quivering threads between.
When we shall wake,
I am quite sure we will be glad
That for a little while we were so sad.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART.

[The copy of this poem was made by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child on a New Year card which she sent Mrs. Sears on Jan. 1, 1877. At its close was written: "The peace of God be with you. Your attached old friend, L. M. Child."]

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it, one and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joys of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore.
 Thanks be to God that such *have* been,
 Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore.
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, for evermore.

J. W. CHADWICK.

THE BUNCH OF WHEAT.

We bend to-day o'er a hallowed form ;
And our tears fall quickly down,
As we look our last on a mother's face,
With its tranquil peace and its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.
As we touch our own to the dear, cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest,
We notice a bunch of golden wheat,
Placed as a token of love so sweet,
And laid on the silent breast.

Flowers would have whispered of fadeless bloom,
In a land where fall no tears ;
But the ripe wheat tells of love and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
And the garnered good of years.
We knew through what labors her hands have passed,
Through what rugged places her feet ;
And we joyed in the peace of her brow so white,
And touched already with heaven's own light,
As it shone on the ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasure of life,
God looks for the garnered grains of good
From the ripened harvest that whit'ning stood
But waiting the reaper's knife.
Then faithfully toil, that in death you may go,
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not bent with doubts, not burdened with fears,
Or with dead, dry husks of life's wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

MY PSALM.

[Two copies in Mrs. Sears's handwriting of this, the last hymn written by Mr. Sears, were included among "My Treasures."]

O Thou, most present in our paths
When least thy steps we see,
Amid these wrecks of earthly hopes
I breathe my prayer to thee.

What though this house thy hand has built
Must in these ruins fall,
My soul shall rise, sustained by thee,
Serene above them all.

And pain, which in the long long hours
Keeps on by night and day,
Through these fast-crumbling walls to thee
Finds a new opening way.

For, through the rents already made
I see thy glorious face ;
And songs, unheard by mortal ears,
Chant thy redeeming grace.

Oh, build anew this mortal frame,
And make it serve thee still,
Or make these ministries of pain
Their blessed end fulfil,

That, held and chastened by thy hand,
I yet may come to thee,
Subdued and ripened for the work
Of immortality.

For there, upon the immortal shores,
The throngs in white array
Came from these ministries of pain
To serve thee night and day.

EDMUND H. SEARS.



XI.

MEMORIAL SERMON:
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

XI.

MEMORIAL SERMON:

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

PREACHED AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WESTON, MASS., ON
SUNDAY, JAN. 23, 1876, BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D.

“ He, being dead, yet speaketh.”— HEB. xi. 4.

THERE is but one theme for to-day. It is suggested by every object that meets our eyes,— by this lonely pulpit, mourning for a vanished form ; by these forlorn walls, listening in vain for a silent voice ; by these signs of sympathetic sorrow on every side ; these saddened faces, these bowed heads, these tearful eyes. It occupies every mind. It possesses every heart. It draws away our thoughts from every other. It insists upon our attention. Divine Providence itself dictates it to the preacher. To do it justice is beyond my power. But it has fallen to my lot, unsought, to treat it. It has been assigned to me by this church, to whose service I am temporarily bound. It was committed to me, in anticipation of this hour, by the friend whose slightest wish would have with me now the force of law. As I cannot decline, so I will not shrink from the duty, but trust that the unfeigned love with which it will be performed may cover all imperfections. I am

encouraged also by another consideration. The character which I am to trace is so strongly marked, and in its grand and its beautiful features stands out so clearly before my mind's eye, and is held there with such sacred exclusiveness while I speak, that its own spirit must naturally influence my words, and its real image give to my humble portrait a stamp of truth.

The story of our prophet's outward life is very simple, and may be briefly told. It embraces no striking incidents, no great events. Few characters, so far above the ordinary level of greatness, were ever so independent of adventitious distinctions. Whatever dignity may attach to his image in our estimation or in the judgment of posterity, it will borrow no glory from the gilded frame of circumstance.

Edmund Hamilton Sears was born the sixth day of April, 1810, in the pleasant village of Sandisfield, embosomed in the charming hills of Berkshire,—those hills which he so fondly remembered, which he often revisited in his musings by day and his dreams by night, to which he turned with longing looks in hours of weariness and languor, which were associated with his childhood's purest fancies and aspirations, on whose summits, near as they seemed to heaven, he believed its bright-robed messengers alighted and rested, as they came and went on their errands of love,—those hills to which he so often referred in his conversation and his writings. His home was humble, but of the best New England type, as well it might be, inasmuch as the family was in direct descent from one of the Pilgrims of John Robinson's own congregation, who landed

at Plymouth in 1630. It was the abode of virtue, intelligence, diligence, peace, and practical religion. While it sheltered him from corrupting influences without, it furnished the best discipline within. It was a school of dutifulness, industry, unselfish service, simple manners, honest ways. It taught him true independence and self-reliance. It taught him to love the right and hate the wrong, to be afraid of nothing but sin, and to live as in the presence of God. It laid early and deep the strong foundations of a manly character.

In 1831, in his twenty-second year, he entered Union College in Schenectady, N.Y. I have learned from one who knew him intimately at that period that he was a conscientious and indefatigable student, usually pursuing his studies till late in the night, and that his name was a proverb for integrity. We can see now how it was that there is such a deep, wide, and rich background of various, almost universal, knowledge, disclosed or suggested in all his writings,—in his figures, his descriptions, his historical references, his illustrations from nature and art, and even in graceful turns of expression and classical words.

It is important that we should recognize and do justice to this patient and laborious study, as lying behind, and essential to, the richness, beauty, impressiveness, attractive and instructive power of his writings, lest we should overestimate his natural gifts, and undervalue the part which his own conscientious toil performed in accomplishing this felicitous result,—lest we should lose sight of the only consideration which makes his success truly honorable to himself and stimulating to us.

Having graduated in 1834, he entered his name as a student in the office of a lawyer in his native town, with a view to make law his profession. Happily, may we not say providentially, in less than a year he became convinced that a more sacred calling was better suited to his abilities, as well as more congenial to his tastes. Yet he never afterward regarded the nine months he had spent in the study of Blackstone and books on the law of evidence as time lost, but rather gained, and of great value in view of his preparation for the Christian ministry.

Many of the most eminent preachers have acknowledged a similar indebtedness to legal studies, and earnestly recommend them to young students of divinity.

The peculiar benefits of such discipline in his own case may be judged of by the logical skill and power which appear in several of his sermons and other works. Although the connecting links of his reasoning may not always be apparent, being sometimes obscured by the depth at which they lie, sometimes difficult to discern by reason of their fineness, and sometimes overlooked in admiration of the wealth of beauty with which they are entwined, yet each link is strong and the logical chain perfect. Perhaps it is to this early legal training, as much as to his natural earnestness and the positiveness of his opinions, that we are to attribute an evident relish for argumentation and generous controversy, whenever a good cause offered or a fair challenge was given by a worthy antagonist. He was, indeed, a bold and powerful disputant, although he never lost

his temper nor lowered his dignity. In defence of a cherished belief or in attacking a pernicious error, he wielded his pen like a sharp and flashing sword.

From 1835 to 1837 he was a student in the Theological School at Cambridge, then under the charge of the elder and younger Henry Ware and Dr. Palfrey,—“invaluable teachers” he called them: “best of pupils” was their testimony concerning him. The obligation was reciprocal. The help and encouragement was mutual. The honor should be shared equally.

Thoroughly furnished and entirely devoted, he entered upon his sacred calling; with the loftiest aims, but with no self-seeking ambition; with enthusiasm and confidence, yet with true humility and a modest self-estimate; thinking of the greatness of his work, rather than of place; offering himself to his heavenly Master girded for service, leaving it with him to appoint the station.

Under the influence of such motives he accepted a call from the First Congregational Church and Society in the neighboring town of Wayland, and on the 20th of February, 1838, was ordained as successor of Rev. John B. Wight, an aged and venerable man even at that time, but who yet lingers on earth, with mind undimmed and heart unchilled, now more venerable and lovely; spared to grace the obsequies of his so much younger brother, over whose bier we were all touched to see him bend, with such a tender look, while he dropped a tear upon that brow upon which nearly forty years ago he laid his hands in benediction.

After remaining at Wayland a little more than two

years, he received and accepted an urgent call from the First Congregational Church in Lancaster, and was installed Dec. 23, 1840, as successor of the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Thayer, who had then recently died, after a long and honorable ministry. In that lovely town, amidst natural scenery unsurpassed in quiet beauty, which he fully appreciated and admired, and surrounded by kind, intelligent, and appreciative parishioners and friends, he spent seven years, which, with the exception of a single shadow toward the last, were as happy to himself as they were profitable to the church.

That shadow was the same which, though sometimes partially lightened, has ever since hung over his path, and has of late been growing darker and darker, until it has at length settled down upon him as the shadow of death, and shut him out from our sight. Under the arduous labors which devolved upon him in so large a congregation, his health began to fail, and his voice, never strong, could not bear the strain which was required to fill so spacious a church. With great reluctance on both sides, his dismissal was asked and granted, and the formal connection dissolved. But not altogether the spiritual tie. For, although it is now already thirty years since his ministry there ended, and almost a whole generation has passed away, yet the fathers have bequeathed his memory to the children; and it is fragrant and blossoming still. Among all the sorrowing hearts which love and gratitude and respect drew together from far and near at his funeral, none, as I well know, not even the most loving among yourselves, brought a richer tribute of all those precious

sentiments, blended together, than that little group of his old friends from Lancaster.

The humbler field which had been the scene of his first labors and the object of his first love again looked inviting to him in his enfeebled condition, and his former friends were all ready to welcome him back with joy. He was reinstalled at Wayland in 1848. Selecting a retired and healthy spot for his home, occupying his leisure hours in light labors in the garden and on a small farm, he secured sufficient strength to enable him to perform all his public and private duties with comparatively little suffering.

Here he found that quiet which was ever grateful to his contemplative and studious mind, and to which the world is indebted for several of those instructive and charming books which have enriched the Christian literature of our age; and yourselves, above all others, for many of those unpublished spiritual views and purely beautiful thoughts, to the utterance of which you have often listened with delight and reverence, as if they were spoken by inspired lips.

And now, in tracing his history, we have reached the period of deepest interest to yourselves,—when he became associated with your own church; when, by your own choice, he became your Christian teacher, and you his pupils; when, in the presence of God and man, you exchanged with him mutual pledges of fidelity in that sacred relation, and thus made yourselves responsible for the improvement or abuse of the high privilege, providentially granted, of enjoying his wise instructions and living under his holy influence.

But I should do violence to my own feelings, and, I trust, to yours also, if I were to go on from this point of our review without pausing to pay a just and simple tribute to the memory of him with whom, as associate pastor, Mr. Sears began his ministry here. And let me frankly say that I embrace with peculiar satisfaction the opportunity thus offered of giving utterance to the sentiments of respect and love with which the image of Dr. Joseph Field is cherished in my remembrance. His kindly greeting, his cheerful manner, his truthful countenance, his childlike simplicity, his perfect honesty, his independent spirit, his wise and racy speech, his good will, and his charitable judgment are among the prominent traits which are at once recalled at the mention of his name. Within my own recollection his praise was in all our churches for learning, wisdom, and soundness of speech; and a general expression of approval was heard from the lips of his ministerial brethren when it was known that his Alma Mater, the neighboring university, had paid to his professional merit the highest honor it could confer.

He was not a man to be ever forgotten by those who knew him in his best days. Neither is it possible that he could have lived and ministered for half a century in one place without having left upon it some lasting stamp of his character. When his strong constitution began to give way under the weight of years, so that it became necessary to lighten the burden of pastoral labor which he had borne alone for fifty years, the thoughts of all his congregation turned at once toward Mr. Sears, who readily accepted your call, and was

installed as colleague pastor with Rev. Dr. Field in May, 1865.

From that day to the end of his life, with the exception of one or two vacations, he has dwelt among you as your minister, neighbor, and friend. You have known well his manner of life and conversation. He has been daily going in and out before your eyes. He has been teaching, admonishing, comforting, and praying for you in the pulpit and from house to house. He has been pointing, calling, leading you toward the kingdom of God. He has been discoursing of the heavenly Father's perfections. He has been preaching unto you Christ the Saviour, crucified and risen,—with not a little of Paul's vivid faith and John's tender earnestness. He has been exhorting you to mutual love. He has been urging you to work together with united zeal for the edification of your own church, in the service of Christian truth and charity, and for the promotion of righteousness and peace. He has been setting before you a bright example of every Christian grace and manly virtue.

I have already given in this cursory sketch of his history some of my impressions of your late pastor's character. It remains for me to gather up and group together other traits that are stamped upon my memory, in order that the picture which I would present may at least be connected, though it cannot be complete.

I count it one of the happy circumstances of my life that my friendship for Mr. Sears began so many years ago, and has been growing more and more intimate up to the day of his death. I may be allowed to say

that one of the inducements which led me to make my home in Weston was that I might enjoy his society, listen occasionally to his preaching, and commune with him often upon subjects connected with Christian faith and experience in regard to which we were in sympathy. The pleasant anticipation has been fully realized. The nearer I have come to him, the more I have seen in him not only to respect and admire, but to love.

This long and intimate acquaintance enables me to speak of him not as one who has been looking up the particulars of his life for a special occasion, interrogating his friends and searching his books to collect materials for a biographical sketch, but from personal knowledge, and with that confidence which grows out of the possession of facts and the consciousness of truth.

Contemplating his real image, as it rises before me and confronts me now,—unclothed of its fleshly covering, but retaining every intrinsic feature which it wore when it was in the body,—the first thing that strikes me is that *it is robed in white*. Do you think that I am drawing upon my imagination, and have confounded the earthly image with the heavenly? Not so. He wore that robe before he was translated, though that which clothes him now is of more shining whiteness. That white raiment is the "righteousness of the saints." And he was a true saint. Whenever I think of him, I think of his sanctity. Not only did he seem so pure that no impure thought was in his heart, but that no impure influence could come near enough to touch him. It would be repelled at a safe distance by his very sphere.

Another prominent characteristic which stands out in my remembrance is his *moral sturdiness*. No human power could draw or drive him one hair's-breadth from the stand of principle or the line of right. No one who knew him would venture to shake his moral convictions. To do so would be like striking the hand against a rock. Though modest, unpretending, and even shrinking in manner, he walked in the path of duty with "feet of iron and shoes of brass and a strong staff in his hand."

Another beautiful trait was *simplicity*. It signalized not his character only, but his writings also, of which it constitutes one of the especial charms. There was no quality which he prized more highly. I remember that he once said to me, "Nothing can now move me in speech or writing, prose or poetry, in art or manners, that is not simple." His was the simplicity of an apostle,—the "simplicity that is in Christ."

Another noble quality of his nature was *sincerity*. You will agree with me that we may transfer to him, with no qualification nor abatement, that commendation, so rarely applicable, which our blessed Lord gave to Nathanael,—"Behold! an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

Another characteristic trait was his *intellectual and spiritual activity*. His mind was always at work, and deeply interested in divine things. He loved to think, to study, to meditate, and to write. He searched the Scriptures daily, endeavoring to penetrate through the letter to the life-giving spirit. He kept himself acquainted with the best literature of the day in all

departments. He not only took careful note of the progress and tendency of theological and philosophical inquiry and opinion at home and abroad, but of the latest results and drift of scientific research and speculation. He loved work in its highest forms, for its own sake, as well as for its fruits to himself and to his fellow-men, and because it was in accordance with his heavenly Father's will. Not long before his death he remarked to me that ten years ago, when his health was failing, he earnestly prayed that he might be spared for ten years of intellectual and spiritual labor. "That prayer," he said, "has been granted. I do not dare to ask the same boon again at my age and with my bodily infirmities. I feel rather that the duty before me now is to be all ready to go up higher. And I almost long for the hour of my departure to come. But yet, if it were God's will, I should like to stay here a little longer to enjoy my family and friends, and to accomplish some things which I wish to do. But, if I cannot work with a clear mind and lively spirit, I had rather die."

Another striking impression which his image has left upon my mind is that of *spiritual majesty*. It has come to me sometimes when I have seen him standing in his pulpit or before the table of our blessed Lord, discoursing with simple eloquence and true unction of the "powers of the world to come" or praying fervently, with his face turned up toward the heavens, into which he seemed to be about to ascend. And sometimes, also, in our private conversations, when a great thought was occupying his mind or dropping

from his lips. Perhaps the same impression has come to some among yourselves on such occasions. But, whether that be so or not, I think it must have been felt by many of those who looked upon his face after death, so plainly was that lofty and grave expression sealed upon it. No man whom I have ever known has surpassed, if, indeed, any one has equalled him in spiritual elevation.

Another admirable trait was *the true catholicity of his spirit and attitude* as a Christian. Although nominally, and sincerely, attached to the Unitarian denomination, as represented by Channing and Henry Ware, he was no sectarian, no zealot. He never sacrificed to party the affection or interest which belonged to truth and charity. He walked and worked with a sect only so far as he believed that its faith and practice conformed to the spirit and precepts of the great Head of the Church; and he worked with it in the hope that he might influence and help its representatives to be true and loyal to their heavenly Master, but no further. He earnestly and boldly protested against and resisted, in the pulpit, in conventions and conferences, and in his reviews and critiques and occasional articles in the religious and literary magazine of which he was for several years an associate editor, every tendency which from time to time manifested itself toward denial of the divine authority and mediatorial office of Jesus. In the noble chapter of his greatest work, "the Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ," entitled "Converging Lines," we see where his heart was, whither his steps were tending as his life advanced, and whither his influence leads.

But I should do great injustice to his character, and to my own best impressions of him, if I were to forget to say that the stronger, loftier, severer, traits which have been mentioned were intermingled with, and softened and enlivened by, charming qualities, winning ways, warm and gentle affections, playful moods, such as no stranger would ever have associated with him, but which, while they delighted his intimate friends, endeared him to us all the more, and the remembrance of which deepens the sense of our loss.

This is not the time, nor is this the place, for any review or extended notice of Mr. Sears's published writings. They are a noble and enduring monument to his genius, learning, and piety. They have made his name familiar and dear to a multitude of Christian and cultivated readers at home and abroad. His two exquisite Christian hymns have been appropriated by the Church Universal, and will be preserved among the choicest of its sacred lyrics. Though the circuit of his ministry was so narrow,—confined to three small rural towns, the two most distant from each other being not more than twenty miles apart,—yet in his books he is still speaking to a large and widening circle in two hemispheres, and will continue to delight and instruct long after many of the most flattered authors of to-day will have been forgotten.

The life path which we have been tracing led through a long and dreary interval of pain and weariness as it drew toward its close. A little more than a year ago, while enjoying ordinary health and pleasantly occupied in his garden, he accidentally fell, and received

injuries from which he never entirely recovered. From that day his physical life was one continued but unequal struggle with various diseases, which, lurking in his system, took advantage of his enfeebled condition to do their fatal work. Meanwhile his spirit was daily exercising itself to endure, to submit, and to overcome; to purify itself by tribulation, and through the shattered walls of the body to catch bright glimpses of heaven, and to come nearer to God. And, meanwhile, we also who loved him were watching and waiting with profound interest and sympathy; cheering and helping him to the best of our power, remembering him in our public and private intercessions, and hoping against hope to the last. A slight revival of strength enabled him to come into his pulpit on the first Sabbath of the new year, and take part in the opening services. It even encouraged him to hope that he might be able on the next Sunday to deliver a short sermon which he had just written,—the first since October, 1874, and which proved to be his last. The reprieve, however, was but of short duration. The fading lamp of life was only flashing once more before going out. During the following week a new and painful disease set in, aggravating the effect of previous infirmities, and exhausting the little strength which a year of sickness had left. When the next Sunday came, instead of listening, as we had anticipated, to his instructions in the church, our minds were oppressed with anxiety and sad forebodings. And the Sunday after, even while we were lifting up our fervent prayers, not for his recovery,—for we knew that the end was at hand,

—but that he might depart in peace, that blessed sleep stole gently over his wearied body which the Lord giveth to his beloved, and his spirit entered into rest.

And now, in conclusion, I hold up his life before you, as you yourselves have seen and known it, not for praise, but for judgment. He does not ask your praise. He does not need it. I know well that he would spurn all commendation above the measure of his worth. I would not offend his meek spirit, nor the holy presence in which we stand, by one word of eulogy which has not the clear sanction of conscience. I hold his life up before you now for judgment. Look at it, scrutinize it, weigh it in the balances of truth. It courts investigation: it does not fear it. Yes, members of his church, neighbors, friends, all you have seen and known him; I hold up his life here and now before you for judgment. But not of himself alone. That cannot be. For, while you are judging it, it is judging you. While we are subjecting it to the scrutiny of the understanding, it is summoning us to the bar of conscience. Is it fair, is it pure, is it upright, is it formed after the pattern of the perfect man? While we are looking into it, it becomes a mirror in which we see our own characters in their true light. While we are contemplating it, our own thoughts are, meanwhile, "accusing or else excusing one another"; and it becomes to us a test by which, to our justification or our condemnation, we are, involuntarily, trying our own spirit.

Thus, like all the prophets and all the men of God, "though dead, he yet speaketh," —speaketh to the

spirit's ear, speaketh even more solemnly and tenderly than when his voice was heard among us,—by the memory of his lessons, by the force of his example, by the total impression of his life, by the concentrated influence of his character,—instructing, admonishing, exhorting, persuading us to depart from iniquity, to love God and keep his commandments, to believe and follow Christ, to do good in this present world, and to seek a better country.

If you love him, if you would do honor to his memory, if you are grateful for his kind and faithful ministry, if you would not be chargeable with the abuse of a high privilege, let him not speak to you in vain. Hear what he saith to his beloved church. Hear his message to your individual hearts. His call from that higher world, to which he has been raised up, is still the same which his lips have so often addressed to you here. It repeats the invitation of the apostles. It blends with the appeal of the Spirit and the Bride. It accords with the monition of the “still small voice.” It wakens a startling echo in the depths of the soul. “Come, all ye whom I have loved; come, all ye for whom I have labored and prayed; come, ye who are way-worn and weary, ye who are bowed down with sorrows or burdened with sins, ye who full of hope are starting on life's eventful journey, and ye who are about to lay down your pilgrim's staff; come, all ye who would find eternal life,—come to Christ,—to rest, redemption, righteousness, and heaven.”

XII.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES
TO
EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

XII.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

[By Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., in the *Liberal Christian*.]

EDMUND H. SEARS.

THE recent death of this eminent saint has awakened a grief silent, but deep, but not unaccompanied with joy that his weary frame rests from its labors, and that his sweet spirit is more immediately with the Father he loved and the Master he so devoutly and passionately served.

How well we recall his early novitiate in the Divinity School at Cambridge, his intensity of zeal for the knowledge of God, and his eager quest into the meaning of the New Testament writings; his native reverence of spirit and constitutional vigor of faith; his proud modesty and frank reserve, as with a face half Oriental, half aboriginal, in its dark eyes, high cheek bones, and tawny complexion, mingled with New England features, he carried his marked personality into our lecture-rooms, our debates, and our prayer-meetings! There was even then a flush upon the cheek that looked like the flag of some concealed but onward-creeping malady.

It was plain from the very start that here was a man in love with the thing itself and not with the name of it; who devoted himself to religion for its own sake, and not as an occupation or the means to a livelihood; who desired the knowledge of God and the communion of Christ for himself, and not merely to lead others into them, but who would lead others only the more surely, because his heart was alive and on fire with his own faith in them.

We hardly know whether the always delicate state of Mr. Sears's health was not a condition of his genius and an aid to the inspiration of his peculiar writings. It made him, to a great de-

gree, a secluded scholar, meditating, brooding, and slowly but persistently ripening his special thoughts touching the mysteries of faith and the essence of Christ's gospel. It would be difficult to express too high an estimate of the value of his writings, considered in their spiritual quality. They are full of life and inward experience, radiant in poetic forms, warm with deep personal conviction, and helpful to all believing spirits, affirmative in a day of too much negation, and, if not always critical and measured in their scholarship, always largely informed by serious thought and painstaking acquaintance with others' serious labors.

Perhaps his beautiful Christmas hymn will outlast all that he wrote besides; and, if it should, is it presumption to believe that it would gratify him more than any other sort of fame could, by continually voicing the name and praise of that Saviour whose birth and life were his habitual contemplation and joy?

It is for our solace now that we have long been accustomed to think of Mr. Sears more as in the spirit than in the flesh. He was present, while he lived, rather to our faith than to our sight. We read his books, sung his hymns, felt his influence, loved his character, but seldom saw him with our outward eyes. Sickness and seclusion made him almost as incorporeal and distant then as death itself has done now. Nay, we have almost a feeling as if it were further to Weston than to heaven, and as if he had somehow moved nearer by his mortal change!

Since Henry Ware, Ephraim Peabody, Dr. Bulfinch, whom have we lost more saintly than Edmund Sears? Such losses are great gains. Death breaks our reserve, and puts into circulation thoughts and feelings too tender and sacred for expression while the objects of them lived. It was difficult to tell Brother Sears how much his brethren revered, loved, and honored him. We can now tell each other freely, and take the chances—which his writings did something to increase our faith in—that he overhears our grateful words.

[Editorial in the New York *Evening Post*.]

Rev. Dr. E. H. Sears occupied a peculiar place in American theology. Perhaps more than any other man of his day, he held

convictions and made statements which won assent from considerable numbers of thoughtful and cultivated persons outside of the religious body to which he belonged. He undoubtedly owed much to his study of the writings of Swedenborg, but this, may be said also of many leading theologians of our day; and Dr. Sears by no means called that oracle of the New Church movement his master, and he expressly repudiated all sectarianism. He did a great deal to interpret the reality and nature of the future state to inquiring thinkers, and to show the relation of the present human organism to the immortal life. Perhaps, however, his richest gifts to the religion of his country and his age were his work on "The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ" and the Christmas hymn, "Calm on the listening ear of night," which has become the property of Christendom, and has found its way into nearly all the great hymnals of the churches. In his personal bearing he was somewhat reserved and wholly unpretending, while in his thought and utterance he was bold and emphatic. With all his large affinities and his great favor among leaders of various denominations, he led a retired and somewhat exclusive life, and died in the pastoral charge of a quiet country parish in Weston, Mass.

[By Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in the *Woman's Journal*.]

I reverence his memory for his rare intellectual endowments, his moral integrity, his perfect purity of thought and feeling, his childlike simplicity of character, and his earnest pursuit of truth; but I am especially grateful to him for his quiet courage in pleading the cause of the enslaved, and for the uniformly high estimate he placed upon the influence of women. That he did not belong to reformatory societies, or make himself conspicuous in getting up petitions to legislatures, was from no fear of risking his popularity. Upon all the great principles of justice and humanity he planted himself, with the sturdiness of a Puritan and the plain speaking of a Quaker. He had no reluctance to incur obloquy in vindication of the right, but it was simply not natural to him to work in the harness of reforms.

[Extract from the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society at its stated monthly meeting, held on Thursday, Feb. 10, 1876.]

The President, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, said :—

“The death of our late associate member, the Rev. Edmund H. Sears, D.D., occurred on the day after our last monthly meeting. He was a man of a singularly modest and retiring nature; and during the many years of his membership of our society, though he has often been with us, I am not aware that he has ever taken part in our proceedings. His health has long been feeble, and he shrunk from personal display of every sort. But, as a writer, as a preacher, and as a man, he has left a memory which will be long and lovingly cherished by all who knew him. A saintlier soul has rarely been enshrined in mortal frame. The works he has published breathe everywhere the purest and most spiritual thought. His little volumes on ‘Regeneration,’ on the ‘Foregleams of Immortality,’ and on ‘The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ,’ are full to overflowing with exquisite illustrations of the faith and love of a devout and devoted Christian. I speak of what I have read; and read, as so many others have done, if not with entire assent, yet always with unfeigned sympathy and admiration. More than one delightful hymn of his, too, has found a place in all our collections, and in many of our memories.

“The work, however, which primarily commended him to us, as a member of this society, was his ‘Pictures of the Olden Time.’ It is, as he says in the preface, ‘neither romance nor pure history.’ But it was written, as he adds, ‘in strict subserviency to historical truth’; and, in one of its parts, he gives us a simple, straightforward, authentic narrative, unfolding a charming view of domestic life in the old Pilgrim Colony. In the appendix to the private edition of this volume there are careful genealogies and biographical sketches of the old Sears family, with which he, as well as our late Vice-President, the Hon. David Sears, was connected. The work is one of great interest and beauty, showing the true spirit of an antiquary, as well as a warm and just appreciation of the Pilgrim character. Had the health of Dr. Sears allowed him oftener to indulge his genius in writings of this kind, he

might have had a high place in historical literature. But he devoted his life and strength to sacred themes, and he has won a reputation in that better line which will long survive him."

Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D., then said:—

"Mr. President, you have spoken of the services of Dr. Sears in the department of New England antiquities and traditions, and of that rich blending of poetic fancy with the prosaic details of a family record, which first commended him to his place as our associate. On a far higher ground and for far more precious service does he merit the grateful and reverent regard of our society, as a student and interpreter of that history from which all other takes its date, and of which all that is gladdening and hopeful in history is either the foreshining or the culminating radiance. Every page of Dr. Sears's master-work, entitled 'The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ,' shows a heart palpitating with intense devotion; and the reader finds the logical, judicial faculty, which is never suffered to slumber, in nearer proximity to the fountain of tears than in any previous experience. In fine, could John himself reappear on earth, and talk or write objectively about himself and his Gospel, we should, as it seems to me, have very much such a book as Dr. Sears has given us. I hesitate not to term it the most unique and precious contribution of our time to Christian literature; and that equally for its ability, its learning, and its wealth of devotional sentiment.

"Nor could there have been a man better fitted for this sacred work. We who knew him always felt that his place was with the beloved apostle, in closest union and sympathy with his divine Master. There was a sweet serenity of spirit in his whole demeanor, speech, and character, which made him in every relation of life unspeakably dear. Simple, modest, unassuming, even diffident, he was the last person to make of set purpose any manifestation of piety; but a beauty of holiness so pure and radiant as his could not be kept under cover. All who came within its sphere felt profoundly the sanctity, purity, and loveliness of his character.

"His style was the transcript of his thought and feeling. There

was a vein of high poetic inspiration, not only in those lyrics which are finding their place in the worship of Christian sanctuaries wherever the English tongue is spoken, but almost equally in his prose, which is never otherwise than rhythmical, glowing, fervent. But for his early impaired health and enfeebled voice, he would have been deemed eloquent in utterance no less than in style; for his delivery had every attractive and impressive quality, within the limited spaces in which alone he dared to seek a hearing. The congregations to which he has successively ministered, and all whose privilege it has been to sit under the wordfall of his lips, will cherish thankful remembrance of the winning and inspiring preacher, no less than of the accomplished writer, the sweet poet, and the saintly man of God."

[The following quotations were copied by Mrs. Sears in a scrap-book containing many accounts of Mr. Sears's life and work that appeared in the public press at the time of his death.]

Complain not that the way is long.
What road is weary that leads there?
But let the angel take thy hand,
And lead thee up the misty stair,
And there with beating heart await
The opening of the golden gate.

NOT THOU, BUT I.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine. If I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of peace and rest.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF REV. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D.D.

SERMONS AND OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES.

Address at Lancaster, before the Washington Total Abstinence Society, 1841.

"Good Works." A sermon preached at Lancaster, Feb. 5, 1843.

A discourse preached at Lancaster, Sunday, March 19, 1843, at the funeral of Deacon Samuel F. White.

A discourse occasioned by the death of Rev. Isaac Allen, of Bolton, preached at Lancaster, March 24, 1844.

"Voices of the Past." A discourse preached at Lancaster the last Sabbath of the year, Dec. 29, 1844.

"Revolution or Reform." A discourse occasioned by the present crisis, preached at Wayland, June 15, 1856.

"Hindrances to a Successful Ministry." A sermon preached at the ordination of Jared M. Heard, in Clinton, Aug. 25, 1858.

"Memorial of Rev. Jared M. Heard." A sermon preached at his funeral in Fitchburg, March 24, 1864.

"Lesson from the Memories of a Good Life." A discourse preached at Weston, Oct. 20, 1872, the Sunday after the death of Miss Abby M. Marshall.

Many essays, reviews, and poems in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, of which he was one of the editors from Jan. 1, 1859, to 1871.

BOOKS.

"Regeneration." 1853.

"Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims." 1857.

"Athanasia; or, Foregleams of Immortality." 1858.

"The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ." 1872.

"Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality." (Revised from his "Athanasia.") 1873.

"Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life." 1874.

"Christ in the Life." 1877.

HYMNS.

"Calm on the listening ear of night." 1837.

"It came upon the midnight clear." 1852.

And many others.

XIII.

MEMORIAL OF LITTLE KATY.

Cara in vita, carior in morte, carissima in memoria.



XIII.

MEMORIAL OF LITTLE KATY.

I HAD intended to leave something as a memorial of dear little Katy's last days, and to record it while yet fresh in my memory. But until now I had not felt that I could take up my pen, the effort brings back such a throng of mournful recollections, and brings that sweet image so vividly before me. But I have resigned her into the holiest keeping, and ought to be able to review her brief life with a serene mind.

The Christmas evening of Dec. 25, 1852, was a merry time with Katy. The Juvenile Society of which she was a member had got up a "Fair" at the town hall, and, among a great many other pretty things, a Christmas tree. We took Katy and Francis up to the hall, and on the way I thought she would bound from the carriage for very joy. She had been in ill-health all the preceding summer and winter. A wearing cough had rung in our ears like a knell, and given us dreadful forebodings. But, as fall opened, she seemed quite well again; and it delighted us beyond measure to see her ruddy cheeks once more. December opens mild and pleasant. She commences the term of the winter school, but we do not expect she will continue to go many weeks, as the cold weather will soon set in. She

has become warmly attached to her teacher, loves to go before the school has commenced, and while the teacher is kindling the fire ; for, says she, "he has always something pleasant to say." She is making enthusiastic progress in her studies.

Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1853, opens with a raw, blustering air. We debated at the breakfast table whether Katy should go to school. I thought she had better go, as it did not actually storm ; and, if it grew worse before night, I thought we could contrive some way to get her home. I told her pleasantly how good it was to buffet with the weather, how I walked to school a mile through all weathers, and how healthy it made me. In the afternoon I watched anxiously the progress of things. At three o'clock the wind is blowing hard from the north-east, loaded with damp ; and I hesitate whether to go for her or trust to her riding with Mr. Fagan, who generally brings her home when the weather is bad. I go in, and ask her mother if she thought the child would attempt walking home in the face of this wind ; and she says she thinks she will ride with Fagan. However, about four o'clock Katy appears down the road, her neck all open, beating against the raw and piercing blast. Her mother runs out to meet her. "My child, are you frozen ?" She comes running into the house in great glee, with her cheeks fresh and ruddy. "This is some of father's healthy weather." She went in to Mrs. Mellen's from the school ; and, seeing how bad the wind was, Mrs. M. had urged her to stay the night with them. She replies, "Mother tells

me always to come home unless it *rains*." Dear child! she would never do anything which even looked like disobedience. Her mother places her by the stove to warm her feet; but Katy says she is not cold, and has not suffered from the wind.

Evening draws on. We had been accustomed to sit in the room through the twilight without a lamp. This evening the children (Katy, Francis, and Mary, the girl) play merrily at "hide and seek," Katy the merriest among them. They hide in odd corners, behind our chairs and under our clothes; and throughout the whole time there is no word or act to disturb the harmony of the play. At length the lights are brought in; and we draw around the stand, Katy, as usual, at her arithmetic lesson. But soon she puts her hand to her throat, and says, "It aches." We fear she has caught cold in that raw wind, but she says it began to ache this afternoon when at school. Her mother tells her she need not study. So she goes to bed about eight o'clock on her little trundle, which lies in the corner of the bedroom where we sleep. We have all retired to rest, one after another. About ten o'clock Katy wakes up, vomiting; and her mother gets up, and goes to her bedside. Then she comes to me in alarm, saying that the whole room is filled with a fever air, and that the scarlet fever is actually upon the child. I go to Katy's bed, and hold her forehead while she has a vomiting turn. She quickly seeks the pillow, saying that she is sick "away down." We take her out of the room into the sitting-room, and place her on her little couch there. We are up all night with her, and deliberate anxiously

which physician to send for, Ames or Johnson. We weigh the reasons for one and for the other. I hope, and believe as yet, that it is a bilious attack brought on by cold.

Wednesday, January 5.—Ere there is a streak in the east I harness my horse, and ride in haste for Dr. Johnson about three miles off. When I return, it is daylight; and my first glance at the child by daylight reveals the whole truth. That deep living red of the face indicates something more than a bilious attack. The dreaded fever is indeed upon her.

The doctor arrives, and is in no wise alarmed. He doubts whether there is much scarlatina in the case, says she has taken cold, leaves his medicines and directions, and says he will not come again unless sent for.

Katy is at once patient and resigned. She had always dreaded this fever; and little Mazzie Mellen, her dear playmate, had died with it but a few weeks before. Katy says, "Mother, I shall be very patient." She calls her mother confidently to her couch, and whispers, "Mother, shall I die?" "No, my child, the doctor thinks you will get well." She wants to see little baby Edmund. His mother does not think it safe to bring him into the room. But the door is opened into the kitchen, baby is held up with his white, plump cheeks and laughing eyes. Katie asks, "Do you think he will forget me?" It was her last look on that cherub face.

Thursday, January 6.—Katy has had a restless night, and seems very sick. I ride over early again for the

doctor. After returning, I find that Francis is drooping, too. I hold him in my arms. It is ten o'clock, and the doctor has not arrived. Every minute is an hour. At length he appears, thinks favorably of the case, and prescribes for Francis, whose case he does not yet call scarlet fever.

I am sitting to-day in the room with Katy. Mrs. Newell Heard is present. Lying upon her couch, with her eyes closed, she spells "S-a-m-m-y — my, Sam-my." In a moment her mother comes in, and she says, "Father plagues me by putting out words to me when I am sick." I speak to her, and tell her that she dreamed it, which satisfies her. This is the first symptom of wandering. Again, as I am sitting alone in the room with her, she calls out: "Mother! mother! come and take Francis out! He'll have the scarlet fever." Francis was not in the room, and these two were the first indications of wandering.

But she is resigned, and patient as a lamb. She folds her hands across her breast, and says, "All right," and again, "When I get well, I shall be mother's little comfort."

Thursday night Mr. Sumner Draper watches with Katy, and I with Francis. Katy wanders in her sleep, and has other symptoms that are bad. Still, the unconcern of the physician lulls our fears.

Friday, January 7.—Katy has had a sick night, but not so weak but that she could be up and down with Mr. Draper. All her affectionate nature is tenderly manifest. "Mr. Draper was as kind to me as he could

be." "Everybody is so kind." The doctor comes, and says she has had her sickest night. We hope so, but hope with trembling. She calls her mother to her couch, and says again, "Mother, shall I die?" "We hope not, my darling." "If I die, shall I go to hell?" "No, my darling; little children never go to hell. The Saviour when on earth took them in his arms, and blessed them." "Yes, mother; and he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" And then she lay down, and folded her hands peacefully.

To-day it is decided that Francis's sickness is scarlet fever; and so he is brought into the room on his little crib, and placed not far from Katy. At one time he is restless and fretful; and Katy says: "Poor fellow! he doesn't know the meaning of it. He doesn't know that this was sent to make us better."

Friday night—a night not to be forgotten—I watched with the dear child till past midnight. Her mind wanders in her short naps, and in its wanderings reveals the richness of her nature and the sweetness of her fancy. The tones of her voice are changed. It is Katy's voice, yet spiritualized into tones sweet and touchingly plaintive. Once she thought the school-girls carried her away, away; and she kept pleading with them that she could go no farther. "Little Katy *can't* go any farther. Little Katy's tired. *Do* let us sit down and rest on this green grass." Then she waked up, and saw me by her side, and was herself again. "O father, I dreamed the girls carried me off. I had a bad dream, and I am tired. Don't dreams make people tired?"

Again, she thought she was away from home, that the rest of us had all got into the carriage but herself, and that I was going to drive off and leave her. "Do, father, let me get in! Don't leave me, father! I don't want to be left here. I want to go to my own darling home." I spoke to her to bring her to herself, but my voice fell into her dream as refusing her request. Then she pleaded earnestly, and louder, "*Do, do, do*, father, take me in." "If you love me, father, let this be the proof of your affection," she added. I raised her burning brow from the pillow, and said to her: "My darling, you *are* at home. Here you are on your little couch and there is Francis by the side of you." She smiled, and said "Why, so I am. It was a dream."

Sometimes her fancies would be rich and pleasant, and reveal the beauty of her nature. Once Mrs. Mellen was sitting by her couch,—I forget what day,—and she thought she was with little Mazzie, wandering in the fields. "Oh, see, Mazzie, how thick the strawberries are! Here they are all over the bank. We will fill our little baskets, and we won't eat any till we have carried them home to father and mother." That is just what she would have done, had it been reality. I forget what day it was that we first sent for Mrs. Mellen to come to Katy. When it was named, Katy objected; for she said it would make Mrs. Mellen feel bad, as it would remind her of little Mazzie.

Saturday, January 8.—I hold Katy in my arms, letting her head lean over my shoulder while they make up her couch. To-day, as I am holding her, she says,

"Father, do you think I shall die?" I do not know what to say, for doubts already weigh heavy upon me. She repeats her question, and I reply, "I have thought sometimes I should love to die." She was pained at being thus answered. So I say again, "I think you may get well," and add, "We couldn't live without our little Katy." She is so gratified that she speaks to her mother soon after, "Father says he couldn't live without me."

The doctor came twice to-day. He still feels no alarm, and even calls it one of his mildest cases. He says he has not had more than three milder ones this season. It had been Katy's plan to invite Anna Mellen next week Saturday to spend the day with her, as school would not keep that day. In anticipation of this she says, "Doctor, don't you think I shall be able to crawl around by next week Saturday?" The doctor answered in the affirmative. It was the day she was to be borne to her grave. (This conversation, however, I think, was on Thursday.)

Night.—This Saturday night was a hard one for the dear sufferer. The fever raged higher still, and all night her mind wandered. The delirium was more violent than before. She would spring from her couch, and we had to put her back by main force. In the daytime she is herself; but, when the long, dreaded night comes, these dreadful fantasies run through her mind. So she continued this night till three o'clock, when she seemed more quiet. I observed to-night that there was something black upon her teeth and lips, but supposed it was owing to some medicine that she had taken.

Sunday, January 9.—The doctor comes ; and, as he looks at Katy, his countenance changes. What I had observed, it seems, is “black canker,” at the appearance of which, the doctor says, he is always alarmed. Katy says to him, as he is examining symptoms, “Do you think I am any worse ?” He hesitated, and replied, “I think you are about the same.” Katy asks again, “Doctor, do you think I am dangerously sick ?” He immediately turned the subject, and asked her something about herself. After he was gone out, she said to her mother, “The doctor doesn’t think I shall get well ; for I asked him, and he didn’t answer me.”

Now first the physician is alarmed, and suggests counsel. Dr. Adams, of Waltham, is sent for ; and Dr. Johnson appoints to meet him at four o’clock this afternoon.

It is a long day to four o’clock. Mrs. Mellen is with us. Katy still lies patient as a lamb, and perfectly herself in the day-time. The canker in her mouth and throat is dreadful. The turn which the case seems taking and the almost abandonment of the case by the physician flings a deeper gloom over us ; for, though she had seemed to us dreadfully sick, yet the courage of the physician had kept up ours. Now, when for the first time the awful balance seems clearly going down on the fatal side, there is a sinking of the heart which cannot be described.

Her mother sits by Katy’s couch, and Katy’s quick eye sees her in tears. “What for ?” “Because I can’t see my darling suffer so.” Katy raises her fevered and trembling little hand, wipes her mother’s

tears, and says, "You can do without me, mother; but Katy couldn't do without you."

It is a long day, and the hours roll heavily.

Afternoon.—Mrs. Mellen is sitting in the room, and Katy says to her, "Can't you sing me some little song, something soft?" Mrs. M. came to her, and began to sing,—

"Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night."

Katy could not hear distinctly now in consequence of the swelling and canker under the ears, and we thought she did not hear the strain; but she called for "Eva," a song that had thrilled all her nature when she was well, as also the tale which suggested it. Mr. Draper had the song and notes, and we immediately sent for them. Then Mrs. Mellen sang over the sick one those words which so went to all our hearts, for now they seemed prophetic.

"Dry the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her.
Of the form so soft and fair,
Give to earth the tender care."

Four o'clock comes, and with it the physicians. The result of their consultation is that there is a chance for life, but that the chances are against the little patient. It gives some revival to our courage to know that all hope is not lost. They change the treatment somewhat, and, among other things, order tepid sponging to allay the fever. Francis and Katy are separated, and assigned to different rooms. Francis con-

tinues below; and Katy is carried into the chamber above, in Mr. Draper's arms. Before the change is made, and while the room above is preparing, and the dusk of evening is coming on, Katy still lies on her little couch, father and mother at her side. At a moment of great restlessness and suffering she turns upon her side toward us, her head partly drooping from the pillow, and says —

“Oh, you will see your little daughter perish away — away — away — before your eyes!”

The room above being ready, the little patients are separated. I take charge of little Francis below; and Katy is committed for the night to the care of those three faithful watchers, Mr. Draper, Mrs. Mellen, and Mrs. Parmenter.

Night.— Beside the couch of my little boy, whose sickness is comparatively light and not at all dangerous, I try to resign my darling Katy to the divine keeping. Nearly all hope seems gone; and I try to give her up, and find the best consolation that can be had in the loss of an only daughter, the treasure of ten happy years. As I sit by the little boy, the lamp dimly burning and hope going out at last, Mr. Draper passes through the room about eleven, and says that appearances are more favorable. The sponging has a good effect, the flesh takes on a natural appearance, and she is having a more comfortable night. How hope rises again! but only to be dashed down; for toward morning the breathing is worse, there is more canker about the throat, and the difficulty seems concentrating there.

Monday, January 10.—This morning our hopes are all gone again. She takes little notice of anything, her articulation quite indistinct from the swollen state of the mouth and tongue.

About ten o'clock a little boy called from one of the neighbors, saying that his father and mother were going to Dorchester, and would carry any word about Katy that we might wish to send to our friends there. So hopeless did the case seem that I said, "She will not probably live till noon."

Afternoon.—I go into the chamber, and take her by the hand, and speak to her. She opens her eyes, and says, "Where's Francis?" clasps her arms around my neck, and seems herself. I call her mother into the chamber. She throws her arms around her mother's neck, and knows us. She even looks across the room to her little library upon the shelves, and points to the dear books which have given her so many hours of pleasure and delight. Hope revives faintly again.

Tuesday, January 11.—I go out this morning early, and find that the weather has changed. From the beginning of Katy's sickness it had been warm and pleasant. But now, just at daybreak, the skies are overcast, the air is chill and raw, a thin coat of snow has fallen during the night, and covered everything. Katy's moans, though not loud, may be heard over the yard and into the street; and especially do they strike through the heart as I walk beneath her chamber window. As I walk out into the air, all the elements seem to me to represent our sorrow and prophesy dolefully,

the scene without putting itself in correspondence with the scene within; and those lines of Moir in "Wee Willie" came sadly to my memory:—

"Snows o'ermantled hill and valley,
Sullen clouds begrimmed the sky,
When the first drear doubt oppressed us
That our child was doomed to die."

The doctor comes, and thinks quite as favorably of the case as yesterday. He even seems to have considerable courage. But the dear patient is restless all the while, and takes not much notice of those about her, though she can be made to do so at any time by speaking to her.

I kneel by her bedside, and look into her face. I notice a peculiar expression in the lines of the forehead, which stamps itself on the memory forever. Oh, what an image of patience and suffering blended together in those meek lines which the long agony had pencilled upon the tender and innocent brow!

Night.—We feel that this is the decisive night, and our hopes tremble between life and death. Mr. Draper, Mrs. Parmenter, and Mrs. Newell Heard are the watchers. In the fore part of the night, say till eleven o'clock, I lie down upon the sofa in the study, trying to get some rest, and gather up a little strength for the rest of the night. When I come into the chamber about eleven, and feel the pulse and the flesh, I do not see but that things are doing well; but Mr. Draper seems to think otherwise. My hope is that, as the fever leaves her,—for to-night is its crisis,—she will sleep,

and things turn favorably. I hold her little feet in my hands to warm them, if they seem to be growing cold. At three o'clock the fever is gone, her strength is still up, she breathes freely and swallows easily; but no sleep! All we can do will not bring that sweet restorer. She tosses all the while from side to side. I think of a last specific among homœopathic remedies for producing sleep; and at three o'clock I harness, and hasten up to Judge Mellen's to see if they have not some hyoscyamus. They search their medicines, and there is none. I return, driving into the yard; and, as usual, that moan of pain comes heavy upon the heart as I come near the house and pass under the window of the sick one.

Wednesday, January 12.—No rest this morning, and constant murmuring; that quivering of the chin which the books describe as one of the last symptoms of this dreadful disease. As the doctor has not yet come, I administer wine, hoping by that to keep up the strength. She swallows freely, but the effect is not favorable. At length the doctor comes, and we resign her to him again.

He has left his medicines, and gone. Mrs. Mellen has come to take charge of the dear sufferer through the day, and administer the medicines. She wants some one in the chamber to call upon, and I am sitting there for that purpose. About eleven or twelve o'clock. Mrs. M., with a kindness and consideration never to be forgotten, says to me: "You had better leave the chamber. I know how this pains you. Mrs. Scudder

will come, and take your place." I looked upon the darling one for the last time, and left the chamber.

Afternoon.—The doctor comes again. Passing out through the sitting-room about dusk, Ellen says to him, "Doctor, do you see any hope?"

"Very little. I think the brain is affected."

"Very little" I knew meant none at all; and the brain being affected explains why, when the fever left, the sweet restorer would not come.

Evening.—The watchers have come for the night. We had sent for Emma Reeves, Katy's favorite school teacher, whom she had loved devotedly, and whom, as Mrs. Mellen must go, we wanted to have with Katy at the trying hour; for Mrs. M. thinks at times she knows who is with her. But Emma was not well, and could not come; and her mother came instead. So that Mr. Draper and Mrs. Reeves are with the patient.

Sick and feverish, I have crept into bed. Mrs. Scudder comes to me about eight o'clock, and asks me if I wish to be told of it, should a change seem taking place. I told her that they need not inform me. Katy, I knew, would know me no more, see me no more. I can benefit her no more, and so I will not see my darling die.

Nine o'clock.—Ellen comes to my bed, kneels, and puts her face upon me, and says, "She's gone." She breathed shorter and shorter till the breath stopped, and she sank peacefully to rest at last. Death left around her mouth and lips an expression of infantile sweetness, and on her pale brow an expression of patient and untold suffering and meek endurance. She had kept her resolve to the last,— "Mother, I shall be

patient,"—and death had sealed it on her pale features. Adieu, sweet child! How dreadfully vacant thy little trundle in the corner of our sleeping-room, thy little chair at the fireside, and these arms that have folded thee so often, when, at evening hour, thou usedst to climb and sit upon father's knee, and rest the head upon his shoulder! How dreadfully vacant thy seat at the table, and thy seat in the carriage whenever we ride! We shall look down the road, but shall see thee no more running home from school; and, when coming home, a father's heart will be glad no more to see thee bounding forth, and running swift to meet him!

A vacancy everywhere in the house and all around the house, as if there were mourning for some bright and wonted presence which is felt no more! But—

"In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her
With the welcome-voiced psalm,
Harp of gold, and waving palm."

Saturday, January 15.—A few friends came in to-day to attend the funeral. Mr. Wight prayed with us, and said a few words of consolation. The coffin was placed in the kitchen upon the table. On the plate was the inscription:—

"OUR LITTLE KATHARINE
Æ 10 YEARS."

I am sick, and cannot leave the house; but Ellen followed the last of the dear child to its temporary resting-place in Esquire Reeves's tomb.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

REMINISCENCES.

KATY'S TRUTHFULNESS.

It was her nature to be truthful, for her mind and heart were transparent as clear water. We could always rely upon her good faith when away from home. She not only would not do what we had expressly told her not to do, but she would not act against what she thought were our wishes. She would deny herself the most delicious fruits on that account.

HER AFFECTIONATENESS.

Her love of home and parents was intense. Her attachments were exceedingly strong to everything she loved, whether friends or animals. Dolls, to her, were living beings. Her chief pet was a milk white cat, given to her in Lancaster when a kitten, and when she was not over a year and a half old. The animal is still alive, enjoying a green old age, and cherished for Katy's sake. After Katy died, she would go mourning about the house, as if conscious of her bereavement.

Katy's affectionate and warm heart won the love of all. The Mr. Fagan, mentioned before, is an Irishman with a boy and two little girls, whom he used to carry by here to school. Katy would often ride with them. After she died, Mr. F. came to the door, a stout, hardy, rough man, his lip quivering as he spoke and his eyes filling with tears: "I loved Katy almost as well as my own children."

HER JOYOUSNESS.

She was full of life and frolic that always gushed out like those of a bird. Her happiness seemed complete when I could play with her along with Francis, and direct their sports and invent new ones for them. The hours we have spent in running around the chimney and hiding from each other in odd corners, in hide and seek, in playing at "rabbits' pen," in playing soldier, and the like, were hours of the greatest enjoyment,—I know not whether greater to her or to me.

She went with me all over the farm, and invested everything with bright and happy associations. Whenever she saw me start off anywhere, she would bound out of the house and put her hand in mine, not caring where she went, if only she went with me to share my interest in all that I might see or do. There is hardly a stone or a tree upon the place that is not associated with her bright and joyous spirit, and that does not seem now to mourn her absence. She rode with me everywhere, whether I went to get a load of wood or a load of mud, or whether I rode off Sunday on an exchange, until it seemed to me lonely to go without her. A ride with her never to be forgotten was one to Harvard one glorious Sunday morning, a perfect autumnal day, the fall before she died. I remember getting out once and walking ahead, leaving her to drive. The horse took advantage of it, and turned up to a barn-yard. I went back, and Katy was laughing merrily at the horse's practical joke, as she thought it, and when I got into the carriage, and whipped him up

for his treachery, she looked up into my face, saying, "Don't, father!" Tenderness toward animals of all kinds, and distress at seeing them suffer, was a characteristic of her nature.

HER DEPORTMENT.

It was marked by a sense of propriety which might belong to a woman. There was even a delicacy in her sense of the becoming, which gave a grace to her behavior even such as adults seldom have. When with children she was of them, and enjoyed their sports. When with grown people, her manners were like those of a woman, or, rather, of a child with a woman's sense of right and propriety.

Her behavior at school, her teachers said, was always exemplary. Miss Reeves says she not only never had to speak to her, but she never had to give her a reproving look. Her winter teacher called a few days after she died, much affected at her loss. He said she was the ornament of his school-room, and he seemed to have been as fond of her as Katy was of him.

HER INTELLECT.

Her brain was large and over-active. She was exceedingly fond of poetry, and would read Wordsworth with delight when not more than six years old. It was her joy to sit in my lap, and hear me repeat poetry. She would soon learn it, and join in with me when I began. Among the pieces that we have thus recited together again and again are "When in the garden's

gloomy shade" and "It came upon the midnight clear." She would often herself make extempore rhymes. She was excessively fond of reading, and would devour volume after volume of children's tales. When she brought home one of these from the Sunday-school library on Sunday afternoon, she would have it finished before sunset, and could give a good account of its contents. She also read larger works. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she read in numbers, as it first came out in the *National Era*; and it took hold of her whole nature. She would be upstairs by the hour, reading over and over Uncle Tom in the old papers. Little Eva was an ideal that entranced her imagination. She read, too, "The Wide, Wide World," and was greatly pleased with it, though she took some exceptions to it. Mrs. Francis Bacon said that, when Katy was staying with her a week during the spring of '52, she took her little cricket one day, and sat down by the side of Mrs. B., and talked over the "Wide, Wide World," and that when the *Westminster Review* appeared soon after, Mrs. B. found that it contained just the same criticisms upon that work that had been passed upon it by the child.

Just before Katy was taken sick, I had brought home "David Copperfield," by Dickens, to read myself. Katy took it, and was entering into the story with her whole heart. Monday evening of January 3 — the evening before the fatal attack — Katy was sitting by the table, and proposed reading to me out of "David Copperfield." She read for a while, but was baffled by some of the longest words. Some remark was made about it, when she closed the book and burst into

tears, saying, "I am disappointed, for I thought I could read to father." I soothed, encouraged, and thanked her, telling her how soon she would read entirely well, and how kind it was in her to try to oblige me. I remember at that very time looking at her large development of brain with a secret fear and misgiving, though, alas! not supposing the dreaded hour was so nigh.

Her imagination was very lively, and in all her plays she moved in an ideal world. She would delight to have me tell her stories by the hour together.

Her memory was very retentive. Sometimes she would have to read a piece of poetry only two or three times to have it at command.

As her health was never very robust and her intellect quick, we never sent her to school till she was six years old, and then never to stay through the school hours. We discouraged her reading so much, and tried, in the summer time, and at all times when the weather would permit, to have her exercise in the open air as much as possible. But reading was her life, and she could not be kept from it.

HER SENSITIVENESS.

It was extreme, and would have been a source of great suffering to her, had she grown up. Contact with the rough world would have made her sensibilities bleed quickly. Sometimes what she had read would distress her beyond measure, especially anything of the tragic kind. Sometimes she would get a book remarkable for death scenes; and once I remember, after listen-

ing to one of these, it went way through her heart, and, after she went to bed, she was still taking on distressingly. I had to go to her bedside, and tell her stories that gave cheerful and lovely views of death before she could get composed to sleep. There were two facts which I remembered reading in the *New Jerusalem Magazine*: A woman was watching with her sick child, and fell into a seeming sleep. She saw two female figures in white come, and take the child away, looking lovely and pleasant, and signifying to the mother that she need not fear; for they would take good care of her little one. She opened her eyes, and the child had that moment died. The other was a pleasant story of an absent parent who dreamed he saw his child playing with flowers, its aunt (who had died) bending over it as its guardian angel. He was impressed that his child was dead, and went home, and found it so. These stories soothed Katy's sensitive nature to sleep, and drove out the horrible death scenes that had distressed her.

Such was her extreme sensibility that her mother, for a long time, would look over beforehand any book which was to be read to her or which she was to read herself, to see if there was anything in it which would lacerate her heart.

There was a strange way in which her sensitiveness showed itself, when three or four years old. Loud laughter distressed her, and made her cry. A gentleman from Boston used to visit our house who laughed very loud; and, when he was coming, Katy would go and hide in the closet. Once, when it was proposed

we should make a visit to Boston, Katy objected, because Mr. — lived there, and we should hear him laugh. It did not occur to her but that his laugh would be heard in any part of the city.

HER FAULTS.

These were marked and prominent, and grew mainly out of her nervous organization, which was attended with quickness of temper and great irritability. This nervous excitability characterized her from an infant. It would show itself in sudden anger, which would come like a flash of fire. But it never left behind it any animosity or ill-will toward its object. She would say and do the most extravagant things in a fit of passion, which she would be extremely sorry for after her conscientiousness had time to act. As an instance of this: When her friend, Hatty Lee, was visiting her, she said something which excited Hatty's laughter, as it struck her ludicrously, when Katy became suddenly angry, and struck her. Hatty turned to her, and said mildly, "Why, Katy, I never thought you would strike *me*!" Katy's anger was immediately followed by extreme grief and mortification. She came to her mother inconsolable, confessed her fault. "I struck Hatty. I am a wicked girl, and I can't have any peace of mind." This fault had been the occasion to us of great anxiety and grief, but I regret now that we ever took so much notice of it or were troubled so much about it. She was outgrowing it, and would certainly have overcome it herself as she developed into the woman.

Once, after one of these fits of passion, I called her to me, and took her into my lap, and asked her why she did so. "I don't know." I then told her it was a grievous fault, that she could not correct it herself, but must go by herself every day and pray to God to be preserved from it, that she must so begin the day every morning, reading a chapter in the New Testament; and that, whenever in the day she felt irritable, she must go away and seek the same influence, and then she would grow up a good child.

She promised me she would do as I said, and I believe ever after was in the habit of praying with particular reference to the correction of this fault.

It is remarkable that away from home not a trace of this fault ever appeared, and that to others her deportment was uniformly gentle and even womanly.

HER CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

This was very marked and active. It was not only manifest in her uniform truthfulness, already remarked upon, but in regret and remorse at times for her faults. She tried hard to conquer them, and at times would be almost discouraged herself. Sometimes she would check the beginnings of anger, saying "Mother, I will be a good girl"; and let her gentleness and affectionateness have the upper hand.

Her conscientiousness showed itself most pleasantly in her scrupulous adherence to what she *inferred* would be our commands or wishes when we were not present, whether we had expressed them or not. When she

would be unwell, she would have to abstain from delicious fruits and tempting things, which she would do cheerfully, though the self-denial was great.

Once she recited a long lesson to her Sunday-school teacher, which the rest of the class had not got. Her teacher commended her. She went back, and told her that she knew the lesson before, so careful was she to avoid the least false appearance, and, though very fond of praise, not to have it when not deserved.

HER APPEARANCE.

She was rather tall for her age, of rather slender form and narrow chest, neck rather long, head large, as already said, face rather broad, cheeks full and ruddy and always aglow, skin exceedingly soft and delicate, eye a dark gray and wonderfully bright. When she spoke, there was a lighting up of all her countenance ; and her eye literally *sparkled*. Her laugh was frequent and merry. She loved the odd and the ludicrous ; and, when Francis was learning to talk, she would watch for his odd expressions with the greatest merriment.

She had a large head of hair of the very finest fibre of dark auburn color, and in this as well as the texture of her flesh and delicate skin were shown the exceeding fineness and delicacy of her nervous, and thence her moral, organization. She was a great admirer of beauty, but never seemed to have been aware that she was beautiful herself.

HER LOVE OF NATURE.

This was a constant enthusiasm. Before she could talk even, she would be entranced with a gorgeous sunset. Her love of flowers arose to a passion. She delighted to gather them. I remember riding with her through the woods when she was in a continual ecstasy, bounding up and down upon the seat, and calling, "Anemones! anemones!" I had often to stop the carriage when passing pretty flowers, that she might get out and gather them.

"KATY'S BOWER."

Katy loved to go with me into the woods, and play around while I was at work. All the paths and localities we had named together. A little nook south of a pine grove we named "Sunny Hollow." One path through the woods we called "Pine Street," another "Birch Street," another "Shady Avenue." She wished me to make her a bower. There was a little clump of pine-trees near where I used to work, which I selected for that purpose. I carried down some boards and fixed up some benches in it, and named it "*Katy's Bower*." Thither she would go when I went to the woods, and there she would sit and talk or sing. Passing by it the spring after she died, I saw the benches down, and went and carefully refitted them. But I never can pass by the bower without a pang now that the bird which sang in it is flown forever, though indeed

"She leaneth where the fadeless wands
Of amaranth bend o'er,
Her white wings brush the golden sands
Of heaven's refulgent shore."

HER LAST SICKNESS.

Perhaps the hardest thing in bereavement to bear is unavailing regrets. Notwithstanding our anxious deliberation that long Tuesday night as to what treatment to adopt, and though, when riding over for Dr. Johnson, I thought with myself I should at least reflect that, in any event, I had done the best I knew, and be consoled by the fact, yet, when the fatal issue came, there came with it the bitter reflections that I ought to have adopted other treatment, and that *perhaps* Dr. Ames would have saved her. Mrs. Scudder described the case to Dr. Showe, a very skilful allopathic physician of Yarmouth, and he said decidedly that no human skill or power could have saved her. Perhaps it is so, and that, if we had employed Dr. Ames and the result had been the same, the same bitter regrets would have followed. Having done the best we knew, we should feel that the Lord has called her.

The same bitter reflections will come lest we may not have managed her right in all her education and discipline. But we must learn wisdom from all experience, and receive the teachings of a great sorrow in such wise that they may make us both wiser and happier. The thought of meeting the dear child again,—not then a child, but an angel of light,—yet with a loving recognition, is cheering, indeed. But there is one

thought that flings a shadow over so bright a prospect,—the thought that she will have advanced so far that she will be among the “sweet societies” which I can never enter. And so from this we must come back to the great and general truth that there is a divinity that shapes our ends alike, and that, if we work with him, he will shape them for the best; and in this reflection let us rest, and be soothed and comforted.

JULY, 1854.

[Written by Mrs. SEARS in her private journal.]

WAYLAND, May, 1856.

It is now three years and a half since our dear Katy left us to go to her Father in heaven; and, oh, how long the time seems to me since the last sad parting! Sometimes I feel as if it was all a dream,—that I had ever possessed such a treasure as that loved one of so much promise, that I have looked upon that sweet face, that I have ever gazed into those deep, dark eyes, so full of love and trust. Lovely, very lovely, both in mind and person, ours for ten short years, then taken from this cold, bleak world to walk in Paradise. But is she not ours, our own loved child, our darling still? and, though she cannot come to us, we may go to her. And, by the grace of God, we will so live that we may be permitted “with rapture wild to enfold her once more in our embraces.”

I found among some odd papers the other day an old letter which our sweet Katy got her cousin to write home for her, when on a visit to her aunt a year before her death. It is the only letter the dear child ever wrote to me, for I was scarcely ever separated from her while living. This visit to her aunt was made for the benefit of her health, she having been afflicted with a cough for some months; and I, not being very well myself at that time, could not go with her. I copy the letter to preserve it:—

“BOSTON, March, 1852.

“*My dear Mother,*—I want to see you very much, and father, and little brother Francis, and Aunt Lucy. You need not expect

me back before Saturday. Lizzie and I are going to the Museum Wednesday. Henry is going with us. Tell dear little Francis that I have bought him a whip and a little boat. And tell him I have got a pretty head to my doll, and a little gridiron with two fishes on it. I have not seen Aunt Eliza but once as yet. Uncle Frank came down to see me the other morning. Aunt Carrie is going out to Dorchester with me to-morrow. Please answer this letter soon.

Your affectionate daughter,

“KATY.”

Dear little Katy dictated this letter; and her cousin, who was a little older, put it on paper for her. Trifling as it is, it is very dear to me.

